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[From The Independent.]

Invita Minerva.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

The Bardling came where by a river grew
The whispering reeds, that, as the West wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy one of them,
And with wise lips exhale it through and through.

II.

The Bardling thought. 'A pipe is all I need:
Once I have sought me out a clear, smooth reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as yonder 'mid the rocks,
The strange youth blows, that tends Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens will to me pay heed.

III.

The Summer day he spent in questful round,
And many a reed he marred, but never found
A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned sound:
At last his vainly-wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his brain her cobweb wound.

IV.

Then strode the mighty mother through his dreams,
Saying, 'The reeds along a thousand streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots and schemes
To usurp the melodies which fated breath
Sounds through the double pipes of Life and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord seems?'

V.

'He seeks not me, but I seek oft in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds constrain,
And make them utter their melodious pain;
He dies the immortal gift, for well he knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

VI.

'Thou fool, who dost my harmless subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes the song:
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,
Till found its mated lips, their sweet consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate more strong.'

[From The Atlantic Monthly for May.]

MARY SOMERVILLE.

BY MARIA MITCHELL.

There have been in every age a few women of genius who have become the successful rivals of man in the paths which they have severally chosen. Three instances are of our time: Mrs. Browning is called a poet even by poets; the artists admit that Rosa Bonheur is a painter; and the mathematicians accord to Mary Somerville a high rank among themselves.

"In pure mathematics," said Humboldt, "Mrs. Somerville is strong." Of no other woman of the age could the remark have been made; and this would probably be true, were the walks of science as marked by the feminine footprint as are those of literature. To read mathematical works is an easy task; the formulæ can be learned and their meaning apprehended: to read the most profound of them, with such appreciation that one stands side by side with the great minds who originated them, requires a higher order of intellect; and far-reaching indeed is that which, pondering in the study on a few phenomena known by observation, develops the theory of worlds, traces back for ages their history, and sketches the outline of their future destiny.

Caroline Herschel, the sister of Sir William, was doubtless gifted with much of the Herschel talent, and, under other circumstances, her mind might have turned to original research; but she belonged rather to the last century, and Hanover was not a region favorable to intellectual efforts in her sex. She lived the life of a simple-hearted, truth-loving woman; most worthy of the name she bore, she made notes for her brother, she swept the heavens and found comets for him, she computed and tabulated his observations; it seems never to have occurred to her to be other than the patient, helping sister of a truly great man.

Mrs. Somerville's life has been more individual. She is the daughter of Admiral Fairfax, and was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, December 26, 1780, in the house of her uncle, the father of her present husband.

The home training and the school education of the daughters of Great Britain are very unlike those of their American sisters. The manners and customs of the Old World change so slowly, that one can scarcely assent to a remark made by Sir John Herschel:—'The Englishman sticks to his old ways, but is not cemented to them.' The Englishwoman submits to authority from her infancy; belonging to the middle class, she does not expect the higher edification of the nobility; a woman, she is not supposed to desire to enter into the studies of her brothers. A governess, generally the daughter of a curate, who prefers this position to that of 'companion' to a fine lady, is provided for her in her early years. If the choice be fortunate and the parents watchful, the young girl is thoroughly taught in a few branches of what are commonly considered feminine studies. She learns to read and to speak French; tutors are employed for music and drawing: every young lady above the rank of the tradesman's daughter plays well upon the piano; every one has her portfolio of drawings, in which sketches from Nature can always be found, and frequently the family portraits. The history of the country is considered a study suitable for girls: the Englishman expects that his daughter shall know something of the past, of which he is so justly proud.

But the more solid book-learning given to the girls of New England, even in the public schools, is known only to the daughters of the higher classes, and among them an instance like that of Lady Jane Grey could scarcely now be found. As the girls and boys are never taught in the same schools, no taste is aroused by the example of manly studies. An English girl is astonished to hear that an American girl passes a public examination, like her brothers, and with them competes for prizes; she doubts the truthfulness of some of the representations of life found in American novels; and so little is the freedom of manners understood, that the American traveller is frequently asked, 'Can it really be as Mrs. Stowe represents in America?' 'Does a young lady really give a party herself?'

The difference that one would expect is found between the women of England or Scotland and the women of New England. The young Englishwoman is tasteful and elegant, mindful of all the proprieties and graces of social life; she speaks slowly and cautiously, and gives her opinions with great modesty. These are not at present the characteristics of the American girl.

Mary Fairfax passed through the usual routine. At fourteen she had read the books to be found in her father's house, including the few works on Navigation which were necessary to him in his profession. She had thus obtained an idea of the world of science, and it was dull to return to worsted-work for amusement. The needle, which has been the fetter of so many women, became, however, in her hand, magnetic, and pointed her to her destiny. She was in the habit of taking her work into her brother's study, and listening to his recitations; the revelations of Geometry were thus opened to her; she listened and worked for a time, until the desire to know more of this region of form and law, of harmony and of relations, became too strong to be resisted; the worsted was thrown aside, and she ventured to ask the tutor to instruct her. The honest man told her that he was no mathematician; he could lend her Euclid, but he could do no more.

The first great step was now taken; Euclid was quickly read; other books were borrowed from other friends; Bonnycastle's and Euler's Algebra were obtained, and she exulted in the use of those mystic symbols, x, y, and z. Her parents looked on with indifference; so that the music were not neglected and the governess reported well of her studies, they felt there was no harm in her amusing herself as she chose. When the days of the governess were over, the young lady 'came out' in Edinburgh, and mingled much with the best society. This most picturesque city had long been the resort of the most gifted minds; men of literature and men of science made the charm of its Winter life. Never was it more the gathering-place of intellect than in the early part of this century; but there was no room for a woman of genius, and the young girl's friends advised her to conceal her pursuits. Move as quietly, however, and as unobtrusively as she might in the brilliant circle, her genius was not without recognition. There was a word of encouragement from Professor Playfair. "Persevere in your study," said he; "it will be a source of happiness to you when all else fails; for it is the study of truth." She had a champion, too, in the dreaded critic, Jeffrey. "I am told," said a friend, writing to him, "that the ladies of Edinburgh are literary, and that one of them sets up as a blue-stocking and an astronomer." "The lady of whom you speak," replied Jeffrey, "may wear blue stockings, but her petticoats are so long that I have never seen them."

Mrs. Somerville has been twice married. Her first husband, a gentleman of the name of Greig, regarded her pursuits as her parents had, simply with indifference. Dr. Somerville, her present husband, has taken the utmost [illegible] and has himself relieved her from many household cares.

The simplicity of character which belonged to her in early life was not lost when her reputation became established. The Royal Society, whose doors do not open at every knock, admitted her to membership, and, by their order, her bust was sculptured by Chantrey, and now adorns the hall of the Society in Somerset House. During the sittings for this purpose, a lady, a friend of the sculptor, begged him to introduce her to Mrs. Somerville. Chantrey consented, and made a dinner-party for the purpose. The two ladies were placed side by side at table, and the benevolent artist rejoiced to perceive, from the flow of talk, that they were mutually pleased. The next day, to his astonishment, his friend called on him in a state of great indignation, believing herself the victim of a practical joke. "How could you do so?" said she. "You knew that I did not want to know *that* Mrs. Somerville; I wanted to know the astronomer: that lady talked of the theatre, the opera, and common things."

The anecdote so often told of Laplace's compliment is literally true. Mrs. Somerville dined with this great geometer in Paris. "I write books," said Laplace, "that no one can read. Only two women have ever read the 'Mécanique Celeste'; both are Scotch women: Mrs. Greig and yourself."

Upon the 'Mécanique Céleste' Mrs. Somerville's greatest work is founded. "I simply translate Laplace's work," said she, "from algebra into common language." That is, she did what very few men and no other woman could do. It is of this work of Laplace that Bonaparte said, "I will give to it my first six months of leisure." The student who reads it by the aid of Dr. Bowditch's notes has little idea of the difficulties to be met in the original work. Even Dr. Bowditch himself said, "I never come across one of Laplace's 'Thus it plainly appears,' without feeling sure that I have got hours of hard study before me, to fill up the chasm and show how it plainly appears."

This 'translation into common language' was undertaken at the request of Lord Brougham, who desired a mathematical work suited to the 'Library of Useful Knowledge.' The manuscript was submitted to Sir John Herschel, who expressed himself "delighted with it,—that it was a book for posterity, but quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended." It was published at once, and became the text-book for the students of Cambridge.

'The Connection of the Physical Sciences' and the 'Physical Geography' are the later works of Mrs. Somerville. These volumes have probably been more read in our country than in Europe; for it is a common remark of the scientific writers of Great Britain, that their 'readers are found in the United States.' They contain vast collections of facts in all branches of Physical Science, connected together by the delicate web of Mrs. Somerville's own thought, showing an amount and variety of learning to be compared only to that of Humboldt.

Provided with an 'open sesame' to her heart, in the shape of a letter from her old friend, Lady Herschel, we sought the acquaintance of Mrs. Somerville in the Spring of 1858. She was at that time residing in Florence, and, sending the letter and a card to her by the servant, we awaited the reply in the large Florentine parlor, in the fireplace of which a woodfire blazed, suggestive of English comfort,—a suggestion which in Italy rarely becomes a reality.

There was the usual delay; then a footstep came slowly through the outer room, and a very old man, exceedingly tall, with a red silk handkerchief around his head, entered, and introduced himself as Doctor Somerville. He is proud of his wife; a pardonable weakness in any man, especially so in the husband of Mary Somerville. He began at once to talk of her. "Mrs. Somerville," he said, "was much interested in the Americans, for she claimed a connection with the family of Washington. Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, married Anne Fairfax, who was of the Scotch family of that name. When Mrs. Somerville's father, as Lieutenant Fairfax, was ordered to America, General Washington wrote to him as a family relative, and invited him to his house. Lieutenant Fairfax applied to his commanding-officer for leave to accept the invitation, and it was refused; they never met. Much to the regret of the Somervilles, the letter of Washington has been lost. The Fairfaxes of Virginia are of the same family, and occasionally some member of the American branch visits his Scotch cousins."

While Doctor Somerville was talking of these things, Mrs. Somerville came tripping into the room, speaking with the vivacity of a young person. She was seventy-seven years old, but appeared twenty years younger. Her face is pleasing, the forehead low and broad, the eyes blue,—the features so regular, that, as sculptured by Chantrey, in the bust at Somerset House, they convey the idea of a very handsome woman. Neither this bust nor the picture of her, however, gives a correct impression, except in the outline of the head and shoulders. She spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and was slightly affected by deafness.

At this time, Mrs. Somerville was rewriting her 'Physical Geography.' She said that she worked as well as when she was younger, but was more quickly fatigued; yet, in order to gain time, she had given up her afternoon nap, without apparent injury to her health. Her working hours were in the morning, and she never refused a visitor after noon. For her first work she said she computed a good deal; and here she stepped quickly into an adjoining room, and brought out a mass of manuscript computations made for that work, the mere sight of which would give a headache to most women. The conversation was rather of the familiar and chatty order, and marked by great simplicity. She touched upon the recent discoveries in chemical science,—upon California, its gold and its consequences, some good from which she thought would be found in the improvement of seamanship,—on the nebulæ, more and more of which she thought would be resolved, while yet there might exist irresolvable nebulous matter, such as composed the tails of comets, or the satellites of the planets, which she thought had other uses than as their subordinates. Of Doctor Whewell's attempt to prove that our planet is the only one inhabitated, she spoke with disapprobation; she said she believed that the other planets might be inhabited by beings of a higher order than ourselves.

On subsequent visits, Mrs. Somerville had much to say of the Americans. She regretted that she so rarely received scientific articles from America; the papers of Lieutenant Maury alone reached her. She spoke of the late Doctor Bowditch with great interest, and said she had had some correspondence with one of his sons; of Professor Peirce as a great mathematician; and she was much interested in the successful photography of the stars by Mr. Whipple. To a traveller, thousands of miles from home, the mere mention of familiar names is cheering.

Mrs. Somerville resides in Florence on account of the health of her husband. A little garden, well-stocked with rosebushes, which she shows with great pride to her visitors, furnishes her with a means of healthy recreation after her severe studies. Her children are a ville. In early life, Mrs. Somerville was a fine musician: the daughters have inherited this talent; and having lived long in Florence, they speak Italian with a perfect accent. "I speak Italian," said Mrs. Somerville; "but no one could ever take me for other than a Scotchwoman."

No one can make the acquaintance of this remarkable woman without increased admiration for her. The ascent of the steep and rugged path of science has not unfitted her for the drawing-room circle; the hours of devotion to close study have not been incompatible with the duties of the wife and the mother; the mind that has turned to rigid demonstration has not thereby lost its faith in the truths which figures will not prove. "I have no doubt," said she, in speaking of the heavenly bodies, "that in another state of existence we shall know more about these things."

MIA BELLA.

BY H. L. FLAGG.

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned knights might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace
That the lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow,
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm,
That in the general stir
They twist them from the mother branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And, what is stronger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
O! she is Nature's paragon—
All innocent of art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the Spring again shall flush
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreathe of orange flowers;
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For O! the star-beam of her love
Is light enough for me.

— The character of 'Adam Bede,' in the novel of that name, is a free, though faithful sketch of the father of the authoress, Miss Evans. He was a man of strong natural talents, who raised himself from the position of a village carpenter, to the rural dignities of Land Agent and Steward for the family of Newdegate of Arbury Hall, Warwickshire, who were the great people of the neighborhood. She lost her mother at the age of 15, and at a later period was under strong religious convictions, joining the Baptists, and subsequently left her family from a difference of opinion on that subject, for another sect of Dissenters. Her translations of 'Strauss's Life of Christ,' and 'Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity,' mark another phase in her mental career, and show an equality of talent in that difficult line of scholarship with Mrs. Austen and Miss Winkworth. Miss Evans was to leave England for Italy after the publication of 'The Mill on the Floss.'

— The last number of the *Erie Gazette* states that Mr. William Buehler of Harrisburg, has in his possession at this time complete volumes of three hundred and one different weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and daily newspapers, and seventy broken volumes of the same.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

"TIME FLYETH."

A MONODY.

Day followeth Day!
And Night succedeth Night!
With slow, monotonous sway
Of heavy beating pinion, as a flight
Of famine-weakened crows,
Above a weary waste of sodden snows,
Beneath a weary weight of leaden sky,
In long, black lines—thus flap the dull hours by!

Each, still, to each
Is like an awful length
Of sameness; beyond reach
Of vision; drifting, drifting, while the strength
Of the strained soul, in vain
Oozes like death-damp, from the languid brain!
There seems no end, no change, no break of sky,
No gleam of sun; still drift the dull hours by!

"Time flyeth!" ye cry.
It doth! And doth not rest,
Nor yet doth haste. O! why
Is this Time curst, that flyeth, and that Time blest,
That hath no end of flight?
Who, that shall read Eternity aright,
Dare picture bliss, in an Eternity
Whose everlasting hours shall thus drift by?

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Philadelphia.

[Translated for The New York Saturday Press.]

A PRINCE OF BOHEMIA.

BY

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

(Concluded.)

Claudine went home. She arranged as well as she could some story to justify her mind, and became dangerously sick. An abscess formed upon her head. Doctor Bianchon, I believe,—yes, it was he,—wished one day to cut her hair; she had hair as fine as the Duchess de Berry. She refused to allow him, and said in confidence to Bianchon that she could not permit him to cut her hair without the permission of the Count Palferine. Bianchon came to Charles Edward. Charles Edward heard him gravely, and when Bianchon had explained the case at length, and shown that it was absolutely necessary to cut her hair, so as to perform with greater certainty an operation, "Cut Claudine's hair!" he cried in a peremptory voice, "no, I should prefer to lose her." Bianchon, after four years, still tells this saying of Palferine's, and we have laughed at it for a half-hour. Claudine, informed of this determination, saw in it a proof of affection. She believed herself loved. Notwithstanding her family in tears, her husband upon his knees, she was immovable, she kept her hair. The operation, aided by this interior strength, which the belief that she was loved gave her, succeeded perfectly. There are movements of the soul, which defy all rules of surgery, and upset all the laws of medical science.

Claudine wrote, without spelling, without punctuation, [illegible] delicious letter to Palferine, in order to tell him knew more than all the sciences. "I love [illegible]

"Now," said Palferine to us one day, "what shall I do to free myself from Claudine?"

"But she is no encumbrance. She leaves your actions free."

"That is true," said Palferine, "but I do not wish that there should be anything in my life which glides into it without my consent."

From that day, he commenced to torment Claudine. He had a great horror of a vulgar woman, one without a name; he must have a woman with a title. She had improved,—that was true. Claudine was dressed like the most elegant women of the Faubourg Saint Germain; she knew how to sanctify her gait; she walked with a chaste and inimitable grace; but that was not enough! These praises made Claudine willing to swallow anything. "Well," said Palferine to her one day, "if you wish to remain the mistress of a poor Palferine, without a sou, without a future, at least you ought to represent him worthily. You should have an equipage, footmen, a livery, a title. Give me all the pleasures of vanity which I cannot have for myself. The woman whom I honor with my kindness should never go on foot; if she is splashed with mud, I suffer from it. I am so constituted by nature. My wife should be admired by all Paris. I wish that all Paris should envy me my happiness; that a little young man, seeing a brilliant Countess pass in a brilliant equipage, should say, To whom belong such divinities? and should remain pensive. That would double my pleasure."

Palferine confessed that, after having launched this programme at Claudine's head, in order to free himself from her, he was astonished, for the first, and doubtless for the only time in his life.

"My friend," said she, with a voice that betrayed her inward emotion, "it is well. All that shall be done, or I will die." She kissed his hand, shedding upon it tears of happiness. "I am happy," she continued, "that you have explained to me what I ought to be in order to remain your mistress."

"And," said Palferine to us, "she went out, with the coquettish gesture of a contented woman. She stood upon the threshold of my garret, as grand and haughty as a sybil of old."

"All this should explain to you the manners of Bohemia, one of the most brilliant figures among whom is this young condottiere," resumed Nathan, after a pause. "Now see how I discovered who Claudine was, and how I came to comprehend all the terrible truth there was in her letter, and which perhaps you did not notice particularly."

The Marchioness, feeling too sad to laugh, said only "Continue," in a tone which proved to Nathan how much she was struck with these revelations, and how Palferine occupied her attention.

"Among all the dramatic authors of Paris, one of the best situated, the best considered and understood, was, in 1829, Du Bruel, whose real name is unknown to the public. Upon the bills he calls himself De Cursay. Under the Restoration, he had the place of head-clerk under a Minister. Attached to the elder branch of the Royal family, he bravely handed in his resignation, and since has made twice as many plays for the theatre, in order to compensate for the deficiency which his conduct caused in his income. Du Bruel was then forty. His life you know. Following the example of some authors, he had for a theatrical woman one of those passions which are never explained, and which nevertheless exist, and are seen and known by the literary world.

"This woman you know; she is Tullia, one of the chief dancers of the Royal Academy of Music. Tullia was only her surname, as De Cursay was for Du Bruel. For ten years, from 1817 to 1827, this woman shone upon the illustrious boards of the opera. More beautiful than wise, a mediocre character, but with more wit than dancers usually have, she did not join the virtuous reform which destroyed the ballet corps. Guimard was the first dancer who danced without drawers, or had that reputation; in Grimm's correspondence the whole thing is told, and there she is said, however, to have denied so doing. She continued the dynasty of Guimard. To this fact she owed her ascendency over her many known protectors—the Duke de Rethoré, the son of the Duke de Chaulieu, a celebrated director of the fine arts, diplomats, and rich foreigners. She had, during her glory, a small house in Chauchat street, and lived as lived the ancient nymphs of the opera.

"Du Bruel became attached to her at the period when the passion of the Duke de Rethoré was commencing to decline, towards 1823. Being only a clerk, Du Bruel endured the director of the fine arts: he believed himself the man preferred. This intimacy became, at the end of six years, a sort of marriage. Tullia carefully concealed her family; it was vaguely known that she came from Nanterre. One of her uncles, a carpenter or a mason, thanks to her recommendations and her generous loans, had become, they said, a rich contractor. Du Bruel was indiscreet enough to say, one day, that sooner or later Tullia would receive a fine legacy. The contractor, who was unmarried, had a weakness for his niece, to whom he owed such obligations. 'He is a man who has not spirit enough to be ungrateful,' said Tullia. In 1829, Tullia retired to private life. At thirty, she found herself a little stout; she had vainly tried the pantomime, but did not know more than how to dress with enough crinoline, so as to raise up her skirts when she pirouetted in the style of Noblet, and to show herself naked, as it were, to the pit. The old Vestris said to her, at that time, that this step well executed, when a dancer had a good figure, was worth all the talents imaginable. It was for the ballet what the *ut* from the chest was for the opera. Thus, said he, as all the famous dancers—Camargo, Guimard, Taglioni—were thin, brown, and ugly, they could not overcome these defects except by genius. Before younger dancers, more skilful than herself, Tullia retired in all her glory, and did well in so doing. An aristocratic dancer, having been careful in her friendships, she did not wish to dip her feet in the puddles of July. Insolent and handsome Claudine had splendid recollections, little money, but the most magnificent jewels, and the best furnished room, in Paris. In leaving the opera, this celebrated girl, now almost forgotten, had only one idea,—she wished to make Du Bruel marry her; and you understand that she is now Madame Du Bruel, but without the marriage having been publicly announced. How women of this kind, after seven or eight years of such intimacy, get married, what machinery they set in motion, what influence they use, however comic this private drama may be, is not our present purpose. Du Bruel is married secretly—the deed is done.

"Before his marriage, Cursay passed for a jolly companion: he did not always go home; his life was somewhat Bohemian; he was ready to join a party, or go to a supper; he could go out to attend a rehearsal at the Comic Opera, and find himself, without knowing how, at Dieppe, at Baden, at Saint Germain; he gave dinners; he led the exhausting and costly life of an author, a journalist, or an artist; he collected his dues from all the theatres of Paris, and made one of our society; Finot, Lousteau, Du Tillet, Desroches, Bixiou, Blondet, Couture, Des Lupeaulx, endured him, like appreciating his [illegible] married, Tullia made Du Bruel a slave. What could you expect, my poor devil loved Tullia. Tullia, so she said, left the theatre in order to be entirely his, in order to become a good and charming wife. Tullia knew how to make herself adopted by the most bigoted women of Du Bruel's family. Though no one could fathom her reasons, she went and wearied herself in visits to Madame Bouvalot; she made costly presents to the old and miserly Madame de Chissé, her grand-aunt; she passed an entire Summer with this lady, and did not miss a single mass. The dancer confessed, received absolution, and took the communion, all under the eyes of her aunt. She said to us, the following Winter, 'Do you understand I have real aunts?'

"She was so happy to become respectable, so happy to abdicate her independence, that she found ways to lead her to this result. She flattered these old people. She went every day, on foot, to stay two hours with Du Bruel's mother during a sickness. Du Bruel was astonished at the display of this conduct, worthy of Madame de Maintenon; and he admired this woman without considering her effect upon himself; he was already so well in harness that he did not feel it. Claudine made Du Bruel understand that the elastic system of respectable government, of respectable royalty, of a respectable court, was the only one which would have allowed a Tullia, become Madame Du Bruel, to form a part of the world to which she had the good sense not to try to penetrate. She contented herself with being received by Madame Bouvalot, De Chissé, and Madame Du Bruel, where she acted never making a mistake—the part of a respectable, simple, virtuous woman. Three years later, she was received by their friends. 'I cannot persuade myself that the younger Madame Du Bruel has ever shown her legs and all that to the whole of Paris, in the light of a hundred gaslights,' said, innocently enough, Madame Anselme Popinot.

"In this respect, July, 1830, resembles Napoleon's empire. He received at his court a former chamber-maid, in the person of Madame Garat, the wife of a Chief Justice. The ancient dancer, as you must suppose, had broken off completely with all her former comrades. Among her old acquaintances, she recognized no one who could possibly compromise her. When she married, she hired in Victoire street, a charming little house, with a court-yard and a garden, upon which she made the most extravagant expenditures, and which contained the most beautiful things from her own and Du Bruel's furniture. All that seemed common or vulgar was sold. To find a luxury similar to what she displayed, one must go back to the splendid days of Guimard, Sophie Arnoult, Des Duthé, who consumed princely fortunes. How much this rich and luxurious interior life had influenced Du Bruel, is a delicate question to ask, and still more delicate to answer. In order to give you an idea of Tullia's fancies, it will be necessary to mention only one detail: The spread upon her bed was of English point-lace, and cost ten thousand francs. A celebrated actress had a similar one. Claudine knew it, and therefore got a magnificent Angora cat, which she taught to rest upon her bed. This anecdote shows you the woman. Du Bruel did not dare say a word. He was ordered to make public this luxurious defiance against that other person. Tullia obtained this present from the Duke de Rhetoré, but one day, five years after her marriage, she was playing with the cat in such a way that she tore the lace spread; so she made curtains and tidies from it, and replaced it with a sensible spread, one that was a spread, and not a proof of the folly peculiar to those women who, as a journalist has said, revenge themselves for having lived upon raw apples during their childhood, by a senseless extravagance. The day when the bed-spread was torn to rags, marked a new era in the household. Cursay distinguished himself by a ferocious activity. No one suspected to what cause Paris owed the countless farces of the eighteenth century, of powder and patches, which inundated the theatres. The cause of these thousand and one farces, of which the newspapers complained so much, was a formal wish from Madame du Bruel. She demanded from her husband the purchase of the house upon which she had spent so much, in which she had placed furniture worth five hundred thousand francs. Why? Tullia never explained. She understood admirably a woman's sovereign because. 'They have laughed a good deal at De Cursay,' she said, 'but in fact he has found this house, in the rouge box, in the hoop, in the powder, and the dress of the eighteenth century. But for me, he would never have thought of it,' she resumed, sinking back on the cushioned sofa, at the fireside. She said this to us on her return from the first representation of a play by Du Bruel, which had succeeded, and against which she foresaw a shower of newspaper criticisms.

"Tullia gave receptions. Every Monday she entertained with tea. Her company was chosen as carefully as she could; she neglected nothing which could make her house agreeable. They played 'Couillotte' in one room, and conversed in another. Sometimes in the third, the largest room, she gave concerts, always short, and to which she admitted only the most distinguished artists. She had so much good sense that she finally acquired the most exquisite tact, a quality which doubtless gave her a great ascendancy over Du Bruel. Besides, the farce-writer loved her with the love which habit makes finally indispensable to existence. Every day placed another thread to the warp, so strong, so irresistible, so fine, whose net-work held the most delicate fancies, bound the most fugitive passions, and kept the man tied, hands and feet, heart and head.

"Tullia knew Cursay well. She knew where to wound him, how to cure him. For a looker-on, for a man who prides himself as much as I do upon a certain experience, it is all an abyss in this kind of passion. Its depths are the darkest; even the illumined parts have a certain obscurity of shadow upon them. Cursay, an old author, wearied by the life behind the scenes, loved his ease; he loved a luxurious, abundant, easy life. He was happy to be king in his own house, to receive a portion of the literary world in a house glittering with regal luxury, and brilliant with selected works of modern art. Tullia allured Du Bruel to rule among the tribe of newspaper writers, so easily captured and deceived. Thanks to his entertainments, to a few judicious loans, Cursay was not attacked too much. His pieces succeeded. Therefore he would not have separated from Tullia for an empire. He would have considered an infidelity a cheap price, if in the bargain it was conditioned that he was not to experience any retrenchment in his accustomed pleasures. But strange to say, Tullia caused him no fear on this score. As far as was known, the head-dancer had no fancies, or if she did, she preserved all appearances. 'My dears,' said Du Bruel to us, dogmatically, one day, upon the Boulevard, 'there is nothing like living with one of those women who, by abuse, have consumed their passions. Women like Claudine have led the lives of men; they have their heads above such pleasures, and are the most adorable women that can be desired: knowing everything, experienced, and not to be deceived, ready for anything, and indulgent. Therefore I preach to all the world, to marry the remains of an English horse. I am the happiest man in the world. Here is what Du Bruel said to me in the 'perhaps he is right after all,' answered the designer,

"Du Bruel had asked us to come and dine with him the next Tuesday. That morning I went to see him about a theatre matter, an arbitration which had been entrusted to us by the Commission of dramatic authors. We were forced to go out, but before doing so he went into Claudine's chamber, into which he never entered without knocking. He asked leave to enter. 'We live like great lords,' he said, smiling; 'we are free, each one at home.' We were admitted. Du Bruel said to Claudine, 'I have invited some persons here to-day.'

"'Then,' she said, 'you invite people without consulting me; I am nothing in this house. I leave it to you,' she said, by a look appointing me judge, 'if a person is foolish enough to live with a woman of my position, for I was an opera-dancer—yes, in order that others should forget it, I should never forget it myself. Well, a man of wit, in order to rehabilitate his wife in public opinion, would force himself to suppose in her a superiority, to justify his determination by seeing in such a woman eminent qualities! The best way to make her respected by others, would be to respect her in her own house, to leave her absolute mistress there. Well, it makes me proud to see how he fears to appear to listen to me. I must speak reason ten times before he will concede anything to me.' Not a sentence of this was said, without Du Bruel making a gesture of negation. 'O no! no!' she quickly resumed, seeing the gestures of her husband. 'Du Bruel, my dear, I, who all my life before I married you, have in my own house played the part of a queen, can support myself in that character. My wishes were sought for, satisfied, and more than satisfied. But after all I am thirty-five, and a woman of thirty-five cannot be loved. Oh if I was only sixteen, and had that which in the opera sells so high, how attentive would you be to me, Mr. Du Bruel! I sovereignly despise the men who boast that they love a woman and are not continually at her side, paying her small attentions. You see, Du Bruel, that you are small-minded and mean, you love to torment a woman, it is only upon her that you can display your strength. A Napoleon makes himself a subject of his wife, and loses nothing by so doing; but such as you! you do not then think yourselves anything, you do not wish to be ruled. Thirty-five, my dear,' she said to me. 'The enigma is there. But he still says no. You know very well that I am thirty-seven. I am very sorry, but go and tell all your friends that they must meet you at the Rocher de Cancale. I could give them a dinner, but I do not wish to do it, and do not want them to come. My little monologue will engrave in your memory the salutary precept of every one doing as he pleases, which is the rule of our house,' she added laughing, and returning to the pleasant and capricious character of an opera-girl.

"'Very well; yes, my dear Minette,' said Du Bruel; 'there, there, don't be angry.' He knew how to live. He kissed her hands, and went away with me, furious. On our way from Victoire street to the Boulevard, this is what he said, if the phrases which may be printed can represent the violent complaints, the atrocious words, the poisonous thoughts, which streamed from his mouth like the cascade of a torrent: 'My dear, I will quit this infamous, ignoble dancer, this old spin-top who has twirled under the lash of all the opera airs, this slut, this savoyard she-monkey! Oh, you, my good fellow, who are also attached to an actress, may the idea of marrying her never pursue you! Do you see, such a position is a torture forgotten in Dante's Inferno! But wait, I am going to beat her now, I will strike her, I will tell her the truth. Poison of my life, she makes me go like a shuttlecock!' He was on the Boulevard, and in a state of such fury that he could hardly speak. 'I will kick her.' 'What for?' I asked. 'My dear, you don't know the thousand

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending April 21, 1860.

Of course, no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his powerful SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

Christ, the Spirit: Being an Attempt to State the Primitive View of Christianity. By the author of Alchemy and the Alchemists. 12mo. pp. 375. $1. Phila: Mo. I. Bashore.

The Bible and Social Reform; or, The Scriptures as a Means of Civilization. By R. H. Tyler, A.M. 12mo. pp. 366. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

HISTORICAL.

Annals of Luzerne County: a Record of Interesting Events, Traditions, and Anecdotes. From the First Settlement at Wyoming to 1860. By Stewart Pearce. Illustrated by a Map and Engravings. 8vo. pp. 554. $2 50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of Gen. Sam Houston, the Hunter, Warrior, Patriot, and Texan Hero. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. pp. 402. with Portraits. $1. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

The Life of Christopher Carson, the celebrated Rocky Mountain Hunter; with full description of his hunting exploits and adventures with the Indians, together with an account of his services rendered the United States Government as guide to the various Exploring Expeditions under Gen. John C. Fremont and others. By Charles Burdett. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. pp. 352. Illustrated. $1. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

POETRY.

Hawthorne. By Howard Wainwright. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago. With other Poems. By the author of 'The New Priest in Conception Bay.' 1 vol. 32mo. 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

LEGAL.

Unconstitutionality of Slavery. By Lysander Spooner, Esq. (New edition.) $1. New York: S. T. Munson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. IX. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Speeches of Stephen A. Douglas and the Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, on Popular Sovereignty and Negro-ism vs. Free Territories and Republicanism. 1 vol. 16mo. Boards. pp. 270. 50 cents. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

Bessie's Gardeners' Handbooks. No. I. How to Cultivate and Preserve Celery. By Theophilus Bessele of the Delevan House, Albany, N. Y. Edited, with a Preface, by Henry S. Olcott. 18mo. pp. 100. $1. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

The Comprehensive Farm Record, with Directions for its Use. Arranged by Franklin B. Gough, Superintendent of the New York State Census of 1855, author of the History of St. Lawrence, etc. 8vo. pp. 147. $3. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

Western Texas, the Australia of America; or, the Place to Live. By a Six Years' Resident. Cincinnati: E. Mendenhall.

Elements of Chemical Physics. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard College. Illustrated by 400 Woodcuts. With a copious Index. 1 vol. 8vo. $3. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Lectures on Natural History, as Related to Intellect, Taste, Health, and Religion. By P. A. Chadbourne, Professor of Natural History in Williams College and Bowdoin College. 75 cents. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary on The Book of Psalms. Critical, Devotional, and Prophetical. The Text of the Authorized Version, metrically arranged according to the Original Hebrew: with an English Analytical and Hebrew Index. By William De Burgh, D.D., late Donnellan Lecturer in the University of Dublin, author of An Exposition of the Apocalypse, Lectures on the Second Advent, A Compendium of Hebrew, etc., etc. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

POETRY.

The Love of God: a Poem. By the Viscount Massereene and Ferrard. 8vo. 5s. London: Longman.

NOVELS.

Grandmother's Money. By the author of Wildflower, One and Twenty, etc. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

TRAVELS.

The Englishwoman in Italy: Impressions of Life in the Roman States and Sardinia during a Ten Years' Residence. By Mrs. G. Grethon. 2 vols. 21s. London: Hurst & Blackett.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

MEDICAL.

Dental Anomalies, and their Influence upon the Production of Diseases of the Maxillary Bones. Translated from the French of Dr. Amedee Forget. With six illustrations. Philadelphia: Jones & White.

Somnambulism and Cramp. By Baron Reichenbach. Translated from the German by John S. Hittell. 12mo. pp. 253. New York: Calvin Blanchard.

NOVELS.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School-days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. 12mo., paper. Part V. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Talks with the Slaves in the Southern States, during several journeys through the Slaveholding section of the Union. An intensely interesting work. To comprise about 400 pages, 12mo. Illustrated. $1.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

The Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagan Von Ense. An American Copyright Translation. By Friedrich Kapp. 1 vol. Steel Portrait. Uniform with Humboldt's Life.

The Kellys and O'Kellys. By Anthony Trollope.

Cesar Birotteau. By Honore de Balzac.

Too Much Alone. A novel. By G. P. Trafford.

The Cruise of the Frolic. A Yatching novel. By Kingston.

A History of the Publishing House of John Murray.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

El Fureidis. A Novel. By the author of The Lamplighter, and Mabel Vaughan. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. To be ready early in May.

The History, Theory, and Practice, of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott, Superintendent of the Cape Cod Line of Telegraph. With 100 Illustrations of Electrical Machines, Telegraphic apparatus, etc. 1 vol. 12mo. $1 50.

The Life of Garibaldi, the Hero of Italy. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, April 21, 1860.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School-days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. 12mo., paper. Part V. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Church and the Press; or, Christian Literature the Inheritance of the Church, and the Press an Educator and an Evangelist. By A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. Paper. pp. 48. New York: General Protestant Episcopal P. S. Union and Church Book Society. 1860.

Lectures on Natural History: Its Relations to Intellect, Taste, Wealth, and Religion. By P. A. Chadbourne, Professor of Natural History in Williams College, and Professor of Natural History and Chemistry in Bowdoin College. 12mo. pp. 140. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

Somnambulism and Cramp. By Baron Reichenbach. Translated from the German by John S. Hittell. 12mo. pp. 253. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

The Knickerbocker for May, contains: The Ruins at Paestum; The Wolf-chase: a Lay of the Susquehannah; Some Thoughts on Cheerfulness; Stanzas; 'Ahem!'; 'King Rolf': a Dream of a Winter's Night; Lines; The Woodpecker; Stanzas; 'Last Words,' Electing a Pope, by an Eye-Witness; To Weimar, by E. G. Holland; 'Stanzas to C—— B——'; Front Book of the Year, Number One; Stanzas; 'The Dead Watcher'; Remembrances; Lines; 'The Lover'; The 'Tick' Family; A Sonnet; A Popular Fallacy Exposed; Stanzas; Bacchus and Ariadne; Frederick the Great and Voltaire; Lines; 'Love-Communings'; Stanzas; 'The Mountain'; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

The Atlantic Monthly for May, contains: Instinct, by Leonard A. Jones; My Own Story, by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard; The Playmate, by John G. Whittier; The Marcons of Surinam, by Rev. T. W. Higginson; Circumstance, by Harriet E. Prescott; Dunnis, by John D. Stockton; Mary Somerville, by Maria Mitchell; Reba di Roma, by W. W. Story; Thucydides, by T. W. Parsons; General Miranda's Expedition, by F. Sheldon; The Professor's Story, by O. W. Holmes; Nathaniel Hawthorne, by E. P. Whipple; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Harper's Magazine for May, contains: Loungings in the Pyrenees of the Pioneers.—II. Raleigh and his City, by R. C. Bruce; Ancient Monuments in the United States, No. 3, by E. G. Squier; The Silk-worm, by Charlotte Tayloe, Illustrated; Miss Bullet and the Spider, by Rose Terry's Milton, by Rev. A. A. Lesser; Hannibal Hawkins; How a French King once Overthrew the Bastile, by A. W. Draper; The O'Connors of Castle Connor, by Anthony Trollope; Mary Bergsdale: a Case of Double Consciousness, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth; Abbé the Dancer, by R. B. Caldwell; Lovell the Widower, by W. H. Thackeray, Chapter IV. Illustrated; Charlotte Brontë's Last Sketch; Gay Gossamer; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Mason Charley's Prize Fight, Illustrated.

— Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, publish this week a book of verse by Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, author of 'The New Priest in Conception Bay,' entitled 'Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years ago, with other Poems.'

— M. F. de Lesseps makes known, in his journal, *L'Isthme de Suez*, that he has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of Abyssinia, offering to support the canal scheme with all the resources of his empire.

— Miss Strickland has found a new idea for an historical work—the Bachelor Kings of England.

Special Notices.

"I know that Nature, with her delicate ear,
Hath heard the velvet foot of Spring."

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Ladies and others will find a beautiful assortment of thrifty and healthy plants at **Elliott's**, 31 John street. Fresh from the gardens daily. Remember, at
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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship EDINBURGH, for Liverpool, Saturday, April 21st, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Academy of Languages, 920 Broadway, corner of Twenty first street. Instruction given in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English. Ladies classes from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Gentlemen's classes from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Terms in classes $10 per quarter. For further information, apply to F. MARTINELLI, Principal.

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GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents, Boston.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes: it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.
HENRY CLAPP, JR.
NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1860.

SCANDAL MONGERS.

We learn from the *Tribune* (and, for special reasons, are glad to have the statement originate in that sheet) that a New York correspondent of a flash newspaper published in Boston, was publicly cowhided in Brooklyn, on Wednesday last, by one of the male relatives of a young lady who had recently been libelled in the said paper.

It was high time that a certain class of New York correspondents received some such lesson, and we trust that, for their own sakes, they will profit by it in time.

We are well aware that the correspondents to whom we allude are a peculiar class of people; that they are, as a rule, ill-bred, ill-natured, and illiterate; that they are not expected by their employers to be either decent, truthful, or honorable; that they are engaged to do a kind of work from which every gentleman would shrink with horror; that the matter which they concoct is of such a character that it cannot be admitted into metropolitan journals; that in the absence of other material of the sensation order wherewith to make up their 'Correspondence,' they are obliged to pry into the secrets of private life, and parade them before the public; that when the actual facts ferretted out are not sufficiently piquant, they must distort or embellish them, utterly reckless of consequences; that in the prosecution of this work they cannot afford to respect either age, position, or sex; that, in a word, they can have no other aim than to furnish scandalous matter in return for their scandalous pay.

We are well aware of all these facts; but instead of mitigating the evil of which we complain, they only aggravate it.

We are also aware that there are many persons in society—and in what is called good society, too—who take a morbid pleasure in having their names bandied about, and whose delight at seeing themselves in print is so intense as to neutralize every feeling of natural delicacy.

It is perhaps owing, in part, to the existence of this class of persons, that the correspondents to whom we refer find such ready employment. And yet how any respectable journal, even in the country, where the tone of morality is generally much lower than in the city, can print these communications, has always been, to us, a great mystery.

All we know, is that they do it, and do it continually.

We have known a dozen instances within a year; and one recently, in which a scandalous story was trumped up in respect to an accomplished correspondent of this paper, who, in another column, speaks for herself.

In this particular case, the details were so varied and so romantic that the letter containing them was at once copied all over the country, thus creating an amount of mischief which years cannot repair, nor the lives of a dozen scandal-mongers atone for.

Whilst the outrageous are printed only in flash papers such as Boston has so many years been celebrated for, the harm done is comparatively slight, and the sufferer may experience some relief from the fact that the perpetrator has been handsomely thrashed; but when they are printed in respectable journals in every State in the Union—as in case of the letter referring to Ada Clare and her friends—there is absolutely no way either of remedying the mischief done, or of adequately punishing the perpetrator of it.

Theological.

Jo Cose wishes us to inquire of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher whether hens may properly be called the 'laity of the farm-yard,' and if so, whether a pastoral simile might not be drawn from this fact, illustrating the functions of the church laity.

THE ATLANTIC.

The thirty-first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, being the issue for the month of May, is published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It is various in the character and superior in the quality of its contents. Most of the articles are interesting and valuable, and are contributed by authors of considerable reputation.

All the Magazines have their heavy man. His business is the heavy leading articles. The cast is appropriate: 'Sweets to the sweet'! That article invariably carries conviction by its weight, and digests all the others by the magnificence of association. Therefore it is that we reverence the heavy leading article; and if we do not always read it, our reverence for its honest worth is none the less profound. Some places in this world are sacred; and we do not care to be identified with those persons who 'rush in where angels fear to tread.'

The respectable leading article in this number of the *Atlantic* is furnished by Mr. Leonard A. Jones. We have read it. It is about '*Instinct*.' It is metaphysical. It occupies its 'painful peak' and is not to be trifled with. In it is discussed, with intelligence and felicity of illustration, the antique question as to the limitation of instinct; and in it are explored anew those shadowy confines of instinct and reason, regarding which nobody is very well informed or able to speak with much authority. "We venerate the red man's cause,"—and also 'Jones on Instinct.'

There are two other grave and reverend essays. One of them, on 'The Maroons of Surinam,' is written by Rev. T. W. Higginson. It recounts the exploits of Capt. John Gabriel Stedman in the Forests of Guiana. It has a good deal of historic incident and pleasing scenery. The other is an account of 'General Miranda's Expedition,' written by Mr. F. Sheldon, and chiefly valuable to the student of politics.

An interesting paper, on Mary Somerville, is contributed by Maria Mitchell, and will be found entire, in our present issue. It is a good bit of word-painting, and conveys a complete portrait of its subject.

There are two stories besides the Professor's, which reaches its tenth chapter. One of these, written by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, is entitled 'My Own Story.' It embodies a metaphysical study of the subtleties of sentiment. It is a love-story, but rather a cold one; because its passion is like a fire that lies concealed and smoulders in ashes. There is no striking originality in the conception of the plot; but that plot is felicitous, and is eliminated with admirable artistic skill. The incidents of the story are pleasing, without novelty. Its characters are well outlined and suggested, its interest is vividly sustained throughout, and it is written in a very pure style. Mrs. Stoddard's stories are always delightful for their flashes of thought and of humor, and for their sweet bits of description. A few of these we transcribe:—

As I said, the Autumn had come round. Its quiet days, its sombre nights, filled my soul with melancholy. *The lonesome moan of the sea and the waiting stillness of the woods* were just the same a year ago; but Laura was dead, and Nature grieved me. Yet none of us are in one mood long, and at this very time there were intervals when I found something delicious in life, either in myself or the atmosphere.

'Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams.'

A golden morning, a starry night, the azure round of the sky, the undulating horizon of sea, the blue haze which rose and fell over the distant hills, the freshness of youth, the power of beauty,—all gave me deep, voluptuous dreams.

What can a woman do when she knows that an epoch of feeling is rounded off, finished, dead? Go back to her story-books, her dress-making, her worsted-work? Shall she attempt to rise to mediocrity on the piano or in drawing, distribute tracts, become secretary of a Dorcas society? or shall she turn her mind to the matter of cultivating another lover at once? Few of us women have courage enough to shoulder out the corpses of what men leave in our hearts. We keep them there, and conceal the ruins in which they lie. We grow cunning and artful in our tricks, the longer we practise them. But how we palpitate, and shrink, and shudder, when we are alone in the dark! . . . .

We feel better when the funeral of our deepest friend is over, and we have returned to the house. There is to be no more preparation, no waste wail; the very business and desolation force our attention towards the living.

The other of these stories, written by Harriet Prescott, is entitled 'Circumstance.' It is strange in conception and written with great power. The idea is that in some far off time when the State of Maine was far more barbarous than it is now, a belated matron passing just at nightfall through the woods in that bestial region was seized by a catamount and carried up a tree, where she remained all night, singing to the beast and thus charming away his ferocity and fangs, till in the morning her anxious and enthusiastic husband came out with a gun and shot the enemy in a vital part. The emotions incident to an awful situation are here depicted with profound appreciation and wonderful vigor.

A brief review of Hawthorne, apropos of the 'Marble Faun,' is furnished by Mr. E. P. Whipple. It contains some of the truest and best things that have ever been said of the great romancist. "The publication of this new romance," says the critic, "seems to offer us a fitting occasion to attempt some description of the peculiarities of the genius of which it is the latest offspring, and to hazard some judgments on its predecessors." In the expression of his judgment in this regard, Mr. Whipple finely exemplifies the vigor and subtlety of that faculty of metaphysical analysis for which as a reviewer he is so truly remarkable. To his mind as it would seem, the study of Hawthorne's intellectual character and works must be very congenial. Certainly his analysis of their mysterious qualities is admirably delicate and just. In proof of this we select a few passages from the review:

The defect of the serious stories is, that character is introduced, not as thinking, but as the illustration of thought. The persons are ghostly, with a sad lack of flesh and blood. They are phantasmal symbols of a reflective and imaginative analysis of human passions and aspirations. The dialogue, especially, is bookish, as though the personages knew their speech was to be printed, and were careful of the collocation and rhythm of their words. The author throughout is evidently more interested in his large, wide, deep, indolently serene, and lazily sure and critical view of the conflict of ideas and passions, than he is with the individuals who embody them.

Two characteristics of Hawthorne's genius stand plainly out, in the conduct and characterization of the romance of 'The Scarlet Letter.' The first relates to his subordination of external incidents to inward events. The second is connected with the first. With his insight of individual souls he combines a far deeper insight of the spiritual laws which govern the strangest aberrations of individual souls.

There would appear, on a slight view of the matter, no reason for the little notice which Hawthorne's early productions received. The subjects were mostly drawn from the traditions and written records of New England, and gave the 'beautiful strangeness' of imagination to objects, incidents, and characters which were familiar facts in the popular mind. The style, while it had a purity, sweetness, and grace which mollified the most fastidious and exacting taste, had, at the same time, more than the simplicity and clearness of an ordinary school-book. But though the subjects and the style were thus popular, there was something in the shaping and informing spirit which failed to awaken interest, or awakened interest without exciting delight. Misanthropy, when it has its source in passion, as it is fierce, bitter, fiery, and agonized—when it ghastly echoes the applicative discontent of the world, and furiously tramples on the institutions and the men luckily rather than rightfully in the excitement, is this is always popular; but a misanthropy which springs from insight,—a misanthropy which is lounging, languid, and depressing,—a misanthropy which remorselessly looks through cursing misanthropes and chirping men of the world with the same sure, detecting glance of reason,—a misanthropy which has no fanaticism, and which casts the same ominous doubt on subjectively morbid as on subjectively moral action,—a misanthropy which has no respect for impulses, but has a terrible perception of spiritual laws,—this is a misanthropy which can expect no wide recognition; and it would be vain to deny that traces of this kind of misanthropy are to be found in Hawthorne's earlier, and are not altogether absent from his later works. He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy; and his deepest glimpses of truth were calculated rather to sadden than to inspire. A blandly cynical distrust of human nature was the result of his most piercing glances into the human soul. He had humor, and sometimes humor of a delicious kind; but this sunshine of the soul was but sunshine breaking through or lighting up a sombre and ominous cloud.

We are gratified to find that Mr. Whipple expresses opinions relative to the popularity of Hawthorne as an author, identical with those expressed in our own recent notices of 'The Marble Faun.' It is not an unpleasant thing to have one's judgment ratified by high literary authority; and we therefore commend the following remarks to the devout consideration of the senile and satirical editor of the *Sunday Courier*:

It is more than twenty-five years since Hawthorne began that remarkable series of stories and essays which are now collected in the volumes of 'Twice-Told Tales,' 'The Snow Image and other Tales,' and 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' From the first he was recognized, by such readers as he chanced to find, as a man of genius, yet for a long time he enjoyed, in his own words, the distinction of being 'the obscurest man of letters in America.' His readers were 'gentle' rather than enthusiastic; *their fine delight in his creations was a private perception of subtle excellences of thought and style, too refined and self-satisfying to be contagious.*

In the romance of 'The Scarlet Letter' he first made his genius efficient by penetrating it with passion. This book forced itself into attention by its inherent power; and the author's name, previously known only to a limited circle of readers, suddenly became a familiar word in the mouths of the great reading public of America and England.

The poems in this number of the *Atlantic* are quite commonplace. Mr. Whittier is the author of a tame and silly jingle called 'The Playmate.' Mr. T. W. Parsons addresses Tennyson in some verses of a mortuary character, well calculated to make that distinguished poet a lunatic in the prime of life. 'Urania,' by John D. Stockton, is the best of the poems, from which, therefore, we make an extract:

'For Beauty not by one alone
In her completeness is revealed:
The smiles and tears her face hath shown
To thee, from others are concealed.

'Men see not in the midnight sky
All miracles she worketh there:
It is the blindness of the eye
That paints its darkness on the air.

'Two friends who wander by the shore
Look not upon the selfsame seas,
Hearing two voices in the roar,
Because of different memories.

'For him whose love the sea hath drowned,
It moans the music of his wrong;
For him whose life with love is crowned,
It breaks upon the beach in song.'

Among the literary notices is a clear, well-tempered, decisive review of the Dictionary War, telling strongly and justly in favor of Dr. Worcester. "A conclusive reason with us," says the critic, "for preferring Dr. Worcester's Dictionary, is, that its author has properly understood his functions, and has aimed to give us a true view of English as it is, and not as he himself may have wished it should be, or thought it ought to be." . . . . "We confess that the amplitude of his research has surprised us, highly as we were prepared to rate him in this respect by our familiarity with his former works. We have subjected his Dictionary to a pretty severe test. From the time of its publication we have made a point of seeking in it every unusual word, old or new, that we met with in our reading. We have been disappointed in hardly a single instance, and we are not acquainted with any other dictionary of which we could say as much."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

II.

We are quite conquered by Mr. May (582). We give up the donbt. His work has obvious faults, but it lives and cleaves to us. In any light that we have been able to find, the principal figure is unsubstantial in quality. In color it seems to lack both purity and luminousness. The boy is not strong in character, yet he is well alive, and probably capable of the deep but narrow and fierce Italian passion. Who can know a woman without looking in her face? The girl is thin and undeveloped in form, her hair is of the dubious tint which requires all harmony of color in the skin, thrown material beauty quite behind, and the entire charm of the work is in the frankness and abandonment of this bold figure. She is untamed; she has a heart; she loves; it is enough.

Leighton also holds his own and grows upon us. The Old Man (241) is mingled of frost and fire. Age has passed only on the surface of him; his white hair is a fall of snow on Vesuvius. The face of Juliet seems not so strong as that other in the Reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues. It is sweet, but lacks the passion of the first, and the flesh-tint is dusky in it, as though the skin in life had not been well warmed with blood. The entire figure of Paris is admirable. His voluptuous and fiery, yet feeble temperament, the strength and weakness of aristocratic blood too long transmitted, is admirably expressed. He is bewildered and stupefied with horror, as often happens where the character is sensitive but lacks energy of reaction. The head of the Friar is a magnificent piece both of painting and expression.

No. 182, by the same hand, though still more mannered in execution, is a strong picture. Probably the Committee hung it so well out of the way for fear of the fire in it, and put it for safety on the line below Mr. Oertel's 'bland, passionate, and deeply religious,' but by no means inflammatory work. The motive is a contrast of masculine and feminine elements. The Delilah is a strength of softness and sweetness beside which the Venus of Page would show 'no livelier than a mummy.' Leighton is unquestionably a great master of human character and emotion, and we have only to wish that he could take inspiration from life, not from tradition, and make report at first, not at second hand. Is passion burnt out and buried with Juliet and Delilah? Have the Venitians dried up color? Is an artist born to tell us that the sun and moon have grown old?

Superstition is as fatal in Art as in Religion, and the reverence for old pictorial masters, which devours our young men and devastates the galleries, is not more degrading than the habit of running for subjects to the book. The painter waits to be told what he must admire and enjoy. Before he can read, Shakspeare, Job, or Dante must run a finger along the page. No man can fairly handle a subject commended to him by the poet, not originally related to his mind. Why should the painter make himself an ass for any prophet to ride, and become a mere translator from the language of verse to that of color and form? We place the actor below the poet, and the best illustration is cheap beside a work like Johnson's 'Pestal' or his 'Mating' (465), which is itself a poem out of the oldest and newest book. Johnson goes always to the centre of his subject, whether it be a negro kitchen, a hero in prison, a child at play, or a pair of human pigeons mating in their Spring. He liberates the old mystery. We return again and again to the face and action of this simple girl, and seem never quite to touch the secret of it. Open as water, you cannot fathom or exhaust it; after every application more of the same sweetness remains behind. What is in it? What is not in it? This is the magic of genius. Whatever is spiritual or vital has always an evasive depth; is a 'joy forever,' because it is, as our poet elsewhere sings, 'forever, warm, and still to be enjoyed,' a drop of the virgin sweetness of Being. Such a figure is, for resource of delight, a world, a nature in itself. However humble the subject, so treated it becomes august; or shall we say, however humble the surroundings, under a creative eye there is but one subject, the mystery and splendor of life, of grief, of joy, of love, the destiny to which we are introduced in every wish and thought. On whatever level, the work of Johnson has something of this greatness. Fire is equal to fire, however fed, and he goes through to the quick from any point. No man can, without arrogance, prescribe a theme for such thought. We may only hope to see it spent on the worthiest, on 'heroic arguments.' The Pestal shows what high ground this young man may confidently tread.

Hewell's work is as sincere as it is simple—is all it pretends to be. His feeling is like his color, quiet and pure rather than strong.

Howland has more fire both of color and design. His 'Don Juan' (476), is a piece of character as well as costume. In No. 239 he seems not quite master of his materials, but the joyous earnestness of the children is well expressed. It is a picture of which we say 'there is something in it,' rather than a complete success.

Mr. Lang flounders on the surface of his historical picture, but succeeds better in scenes from actual life. His 'Queen' is painted from without, his 'Bridget' (447), and 'Little Vagrants' (337), not very powerfully indeed, but with sympathy, and from within.

Thompson exhibits specimens (107 and 115) of drawing-room sculpture, of a quality which may cheer, but certainly cannot inebriate.

No. 207 is in larger feeling, but so finished as to destroy the translucence and crisp vitality of the marble. Finish, beyond expression, beyond the adding of truth to truth, is a wet blanket on enthusiasm. The instruments invented by modern sculptors for refinement of execution, are tools with which they cut their own throats. In an Art so chaste and severe as sculpture, nothing will satisfy but energy of expression. There can be no mediocrity in marble. It is nothing or it is great. In no other material is the commonplace so common-place.

The little figures in the passage (Nos. 666-7-8), have vitality. We could endure them in a picture, seen through the ideal medium of color, but how atrociously literal they appear in this unflinching realization. Only the grandest conception can afford to stand in such nakedness, an absolute and tangible form. Painting is of necessity illusion or deception, an appeal from sense to imagination; but only decided character and action can counteract the appeal of solid marble to sense.

A Study of Ducks, by Lemmens (349), is spirited, with great delicacy. This softness and suggestiveness is a quality which our own painters of the feathered people sadly lack.

The Autumn and Winter Scenes of McEntee, are presented with a rare combination of freedom and fidelity. Everything is distinct in them, nothing hard. They have breadth with firmness of detail. The mist of whirling snow, and obscurity of gathering night, are admirably seen in 214. In 260, we admire the mystery of the receding woods growing confused and melting away into dimness. These pictures are separated in intention from the best works of Hubbard and Gifford; they have no special solemnity or high poetic motive, but are full of freshness and genuine sympathetic feeling, not for the noblest mood of nature, but for the inevitable quiet charm of her presence, in every hour and every place. As studies or examples of noble representation, they take rank among the best.

Gignoux (256) and Sontag (440) make a scattering impression, as of small shot.

Bellows in 527 is spilled abroad in like manner, while in No. 263 he gathers his forces into more orderly array. Even this picture takes rank among the indifferent, respectable; hardly good enough for praise, or bad enough for neglect. Unhappily Art is either mendicant or commanding. The critic would fain speak a kindly word, and goes again and again to look for merit in a work which takes no hold upon the mind.

Such a work is No. 538, by James Hart, in which we like neither the rock, the water, nor the wood. His Sunday Afternoon (375) is better, yet hardly satisfies our demand upon an artist whose work has been so true to actual impression, and has improved so steadily from year to year.

Our marine painting is all on the same teasing level of mediocrity.

Mr. Huntington is not trained in rock and water drawing. Harry Brown is neither very strong in his cliffs, his shores, or his waves, and there is not much of the wild ocean feeling in his work. Dix and Shattuck are not more fortunate. No. 607, by G. L. Brown, seems to us quite unworthy of his reputation. The sky is meagre: the sea has no unity or largeness of motion, breaks out in the wrong place, and does not carry the ships; the distant land is weak.

There is no such thing as successful amateur or occasional sea painting. The difficulty of the subject, is only equalled by its grandeur, and here, as in sculpture, a moderate, or formal excellence, is defeat.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

The taste for exploiting the private lives of those who have rendered themselves in any way famous, is becoming more and more confirmed in America. The coarseness and injustice of the personal details that appear in our press, have already disgraced us all over the civilized world.

The columns of our journals lend themselves to the wreaking of every species of petty vengeance and malice. In them selfish prejudice, vulgar, short-sighted morality, foolish envy, and coarse gossip, blow stentorous blasts from their two-penny trumpets, with which to split the idle ears of the nation.

I am told that an English writer sojourning in Italy, sent a letter to a London journal containing a detailed and spicy account of a *liaison* existing between one of England's most illustrious poets, who was known to live unhappily with his wife, and a beautiful Italian lady. Not a journal in England, it is said, would consent to publish the letter.

How ingloriously do our own newspapers contrast to this? If for instance, any unknown and unreliable correspondent had communicated to them a full account of a seraglio, kept, at eighty, by Washington Irving, how many of them would have refused it publication because it was a calumny?

For several years my own private life and character have been made the subject for all manner of malicious and false statements. The most madly impossible stories, the most preposterous rumors, the most sickening hypocrisies have been labelled with my name, and sent to grovel through the provinces. If any two of the stories could have met together, they would, like the dragon's teeth sowed by Cadmus, necessarily have devoured each other. I have refrained from contradicting these stories for two reasons: one, because I believe that such impossible lies must sign their own death-warrants; and the other, because I did not think myself of sufficient importance to the public mind, to make it necessary to tease it with statements and contradictions, regarding my private affairs. For the latter, I have long been expecting a public testimony of thanks, but as yet I see no signs of the testimonial cup.

Nothing could be more false and foolish than the idea that any man or woman's private life can ever be honorably dragged before the public. What the individual does or says in a public capacity, is all that belongs to the public; nothing but selfish interest, or extreme vulgarity, can lead a man to a different course of action.

It most frequently occurs that the gossiping animal seeks to earn a cheap notoriety for himself by careering against some one who has genuinely gained the public ear. Oftimes he is under the ban of public opinion, his moral promiscuousness has become notorious, and he seeks to vindicate himself by madly maligning some purer man or woman. Again, another strong reason for the concoction of such gossip, is the necessity of finding new subjects upon which to earn the immortal $10. I should like to know how much bullion has been exchanged for the most illogical nonsense about me, taken all in all: for I think it but fair that it should be paid over to me immediately. I would be willing to spend it in soft-soap with which to scour the hearts of my historians.

I have the idea that a book called 'Popular Lies,' would create some sensation; it could be principally compiled of those vulgar, gossipping letters, which always awaken the hallelujahs of the provinces.

There is another very remarkable circumstance connected with this subject, which I am at a loss to explain, namely, that most journals prefer in publishing a scandalous lie that it should relate to a woman rather than to a man. They would rather, for instance, calumniate Ada Clare than John C. Heenan; is it that the female fingers are considered inconvenient or inadequate to the tweaking of the editorial-nose?

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I communicated an article last week to the *Sunday Courier*, entitled 'The Megatherium Bonnet.' I republish a small part of it here, as much with a view to fling odium upon that atrocious fashion, as to correct some typographical errors which in the original made me appear slightly ridiculous:

Most persons have seen and marked the bonnet christened with the ponderous title that heads this article, but few know that its origin was both scientific and utilitarian. I learn from the most unquestionable authority that it was invented by an enraged milliner, who, having been ejected from her dwelling for 'un paid rent, was wandering in a frenzy through the majestic halls of the British Museum. Wandering about she murmured to herself, 'Why am I thus homeless, why are my bonnets unsold, unsought for?' Why do the London ladies purchase so few bonnets? Why do they complain that coming in contact with other objects during the fog ruins them? Is it my fault? Do I hang London with cloud and mist?'

—The Assignees of the estate of Phillips, Sampson & Co., the Boston booksellers, and formerly publishers of the *Atlantic Magazine*, have made a return to the Insolvency Court, showing that their receipts have been $165,000, and their disbursements $61,000 leaving a balance of $112,000, for dividend, sufficient to pay sixty per cent. The Judge ordered a dividend of fifty-five per cent to be paid to the creditors. Shortly after the suspension of the house some of the claims against it were offered at ten cents upon the dollar, and six months ago a large portion of the debts could have been purchased at the rate of thirty per cent.

—J. W. Walsh, editor of an obscure and libelous paper called *The Varieties*, in San Francisco, has been sentenced to the county jail for twelve months for slander, and one of the carriers of the same paper has been sent to the county jail for thirty days for the same offence. If the scurrilous New York correspondents of certain provincial papers here at the North were served in the same way, they would get no more than their deserts.

—An Essay on Hernia, by Dr. James Bryan, Professor of Anatomy in the New York Medical College, is about to be published by F. J. Pilliner, Philadelphia, in five numbers.

—Mr. Lumley is reprinting an old English book of some interest in a literary as well as in a theological point of view. It is *The Fenvell Glory; or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the Holy Virgin Mary, God's Owne Immaculate Mother*: by Anthony Stafford, Gent. The work was written with the approval of Archbishop Land, and was published in the year 1635. It was vehemently assailed by the Puritans, and as warmly defended by the High-Church party.

—'The Copy,' says the London correspondent of the *Bankshire Journal*, 'of Mr. Carlyle's two new volumes of Frederick, is now in the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall; but it will be a considerable time yet before the work in a perfected form reaches the public. Carlyle corrects, recorrects, alters, and punctuates, so scrupulously, that printers and publishers grumble, and the public grow impatient.'

—Mr. Blanchard publishes to-day Baron Reichenbach's interesting work on Somnambulism and Cramp, translated from the German by Mr. John S. Hittell.

—The Grand Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity will meet at Dartmouth College, this Summer, holding their first session on Tuesday, July 24.

—The title of the new three-volume novel by Holme Lee (author of 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter'), will be 'The Worthebank Diary, with Stories from Kathie Brande's Portfolio.'

—In Pryor's *Life of Malone*, is a letter which escaped both Bozzy and Crocker. The great Samuel, it appears, in spite of his love for Fleet street, once applied for apartments in Hampton-court-place. The application was made in 1777, the year after the publication of *Taxation no Tyranny*, which gave him, he probably thought, additional claims upon the Government. Here is the application to Lord Hertford:

My Lord:—Being wholly unknown to your Lordship, I have only the apology to make for presuming to trouble you with a request, —that a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused. Some of the apartments are now vacant in which I am encouraged to hope that by application to your Lordship I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favor, and I hope that to a man who has had the honor of vindicating His Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily allowed. I therefore request that your Lordship will be pleased to grant such rooms in Hampton court as shall seem proper to my Lord. Your Lordship's most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the King ever heard of the application. On the letter is indorsed: 'Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hands many engagements unsatisfied.'

—The first number of the *National Quarterly Review*—a new literary and critical magazine under the editorial charge of the Rev. Edward J. Sears, A.B.—will be issued on the 1st of June by Messrs. Pudney & Russell of this city.

—Mr. Knoedler, 772 Broadway, has on view Mr. Powell's life-size portrait of Washington Irving, which was exhibited in an unfinished state at the Academy of Music, on the occasion of the Irving anniversary.

—At a meeting held in London lately, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair, a resolution was passed declaring it to be 'very desirable' that a statue to the memory of Bunyan should 'be erected by public subscription in one of the leading and most public thoroughfares in the metropolis.'

Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, is about to erect new buildings in that city, to be occupied for the manufacture of telescopes, in which art he stands unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic. An Observatory for astronomical purposes will be connected with the establishment.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, has returned to this country.

Good Subjects for Historical treatment.

I.

Elliot 'cutting himself out' at the Academy Exhibition—with a pen-knife.

II.

The united Academy trying to 'take the head' of Elliot by way of retribution.

III.

Elliot showing signs of repentance and embracing the members of the Academy,—over the left.

From the Capitol.

Mr. Thomas Hicks has just returned from Washington, and brought with him the head of Mr. Seward, which, according to the *Tribune*, is 'strongly marked,' and of 'unusual length,' while the taking of it is to be numbered among Mr. Hick's greatest exploits. An equally skilful and intrepid artist is 'round after the head of Douglas, who bids fair to be decapitated next week at Charleston.

New York Legislators' Way to Wealth.

Avenue D.

Device for the American Museum.

Nil nisi Barnum.

Albany Ail.

An itching palm.

Extunguished.

The only person that has thus far succeeded in extinguishing Fabbri on the stage is Stigelli.

Peripatetic.

A correspondent suggests that the members of the present Congress present Mr. Roger A. Pryor with a brass-headed cane and a walking-ticket.

A Change for the Better.

It appears to be a very general opinion that the next meeting of our State Legislators should be at Sing Sing, and that they should be entertained there, for life, at the public expense.

Sic Gloria, etc.

The Hon. T. J. Munday, of this city, is about to be tried before the General Sessions on the charge of immoral conduct toward little school girls.

Epitaph for the Old whig Party.

Died in the Wool.

The Prince of Wails.

Jeremiah.

New Candidate.

It is proposed that the Charleston Convention nominate Mr. Roger A. Pryor for the Presidency, on the ground that he will 'run' better than any man in the country.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The Dramatic Fund Benefit.—A Fresh Field for Dr. Carnochan.—Terrible Epidemic among the Artists.—Present Condition of the Sufferers.—Extraordinary Professional Exaltation of Miss Ida Vernon.—The Opera, Orthodox and Heterodox.—A Prima Donna on Fire.—La Frezzolini.—La Wimler.—La Kelloggini.—And various other things.

They made a terrible time, Effendi, over the Dramatic Fund Benefit, but, from what JOHN BROUGHAM would call a curious concatenation of coincident circumstances, it didn't amount to much!

The Association is, pecuniarly speaking, in a very tight place, and something had to be done to help it out. So Mr. BROUGHAM went to work, like a beaver, to get up this benefit, and secured the services of a large number of artists, many of whom have no claim whatsoever on the Fund.

There was to be a Dramatic Matinee and a soirée with opera folks, and more plays. The Matinee was all well enough, except Miss LAURA KEENE, who became alarmingly ill at about fifteen minutes before the performance commenced, and couldn't do *L. G. Spanker*. Mrs. HOEY took the place of Miss KEENE, and the play went on or off just as you please.

In the evening, the bill included *Nine Points of the Law*, with Miss ADA CLIFTON, Mr. MARK SMITH, and F. A. VINCENT, all on hand, and the Comedy was as well played as such a piece can be done in the Academy. It is a good deal like dapping a waltz-quadrille in the centre of a prairie, this doing drawing-room pieces in Irving Place. However, the CLIFTON looked charmingly, and acted capitally, and so the affair went off nicely. Then there was Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS and B. W. himself, in that charming dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, *Latest from New York*. The artist who was to do the funny man in this play, was like the clerk who speaks English in the Parish shops; he had sortied and didn't come back. So the B. Ws, like clever people as they are, got along without him.

Aprés, the Opera, STIGELLI, JUNCA, AMODIO, MUZIO, GASSIER, Madame GASSIER, and Madame STRAKOSCH. All but JUNCA and AMODIO failed to put in an appearance. All sick. Awful state of things. Consequence, no opera. Then we came to a very fresh and delightful farce, *Turning the Tables*, wherein G. JORDAN, G. HOLLAND, Miss MARY GANNON, and various other persons, were to instruct and amuse (I got that from BARNUM) the enlightened public. G. JORDAN was about, but there was no HOLLAND nor GANNON. What they did after that, or, rather after not doing it, I really don't know. The scenes in the coulisses were exceedingly rich. All sorts of people were pressed to play all sorts of parts at a moment's notice, and the stage-manager was on the verge of lithocy.

Of the operatic people, only MM. JUNCA and AMODIO came to the theatre.

Everybody else, I presume, was attacked by the epidemic.

Apropos to which, I find the following card in the *Herald*:—

A CARD FROM THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.—The Committee on Benefits beg to tender their best thanks to the artists who in a position of extreme perplexity, so kindly manifested an interest in the affairs of the institution singularly withheld by many of its members. To Mrs. HOEY they are especially indebted for having at so late a moment, accepted the part she sustained on the occasion. They also make their grateful acknowledgments to the several companies for their most valuable aid. They would likewise present their compliments to Messrs. Ullmann, Strakosch, and Maretzek, for granting the services of their artists, although, by some curious concatenation of circumstances, none of them appeared.

Deploring the epidemical nature of the 'sickness' which prevailed, the Committee, in justification of the promises held forth in the bills of the performance, have to declare that no name was announced without full and approved authority so to do.

W. R. Blake, J. Brougham, J. G. Burnett, J. W. Lingard, Barney Williams, Committee.

This epidemic is likely to be a very serious one. It not only broke out among the artists of the Dramatic Fund, but it appeared at the Winter Garden, on Thursday, when Mr. H. Pearson had a benefit, and announced several plays, in one of which Miss SARAH STEVENS was to perform. The "fair beneficiary" announced, in a pathetic speech, that Miss STEVENS was, according to the physician's certificate, to ill too appear "in any character."

Quite aware that the public is desperately interested in the affairs of the disabled artists, I have been at some pains to ascertain their present condition, and I append my report:

The correct diagnosis of the peculiar disease which breaks out among singers, actresses, and actors, during the benefit season, baffles the faculty altogether. The ailment attacks the patient very suddenly, and the symptoms are of the most violent character, but the disease, although not easily arrested in its early stages, is rarely fatal.

So there is no danger that the public will care to grieve on account of the decease of any of its favorites.

Miss LAURA KEENE is very much better. Her medical attendant thinks that with careful nursing, and the revivifying influences of cheerful reading, such as THE SATURDAY PRESS, she may be able to get out in a month or six weeks. Yesterday, she drank a cup of tea, and by Sunday she can venture upon a little gruel.

Madame GASSIER is doing well. I think that when she gets her London engagement, she will be able to fulfil its conditions.

Signor GASSIER smoked three cigars yesterday, and is out of danger.

Mr. STIGELLI, although naturally of a delicate constitution, is rapidly recovering. His chest C is quite comfortable.

Miss MARY GANNON has reappeared at Wallack's, and Mr. GEORGE HOLLAND is getting better. Miss SARAH STEVENS will probably get out in season to play at Laura Keene's Theatre for JEFFERSON'S Summer season.

So, after all, the public is the only sufferer by the epidemic. Perhaps the artists in this country will find out, one of these days, that they behave very badly, and that it is stupid to get sick when they are expected to sing or play for a charitable purpose. They manage these things much better in France. I once assisted at a benefit given for the poor of a small town near Paris, where the affiche bore the names of GRISI, MARIO, LABLACHE, TAMBURINI, NANTIER-DIDIER, SOPHIE ARNOULD, ROSE CHERI, MADELINE BRIHAN, MM. BRESSANT, ROGER, LAFONTAINE, REGNIER, and others of the same rank—a rank that no artist in this country approaches. They were all there, and would have been pained beyond measure to have disappointed the audience.

And it is remarkable that the artists who do not belong to the Dramatic Fund Association always have to help the Benefit Committee out of its scrapes. How do you account for that?

It is fair to say, however, about the opera folks, that they declare they were not asked to sing definitely. Perhaps the Committee thought the managers' permission was all that was required,—a very grave error.

I had a little of *Bronze Horse* opera at Niblo's. It is not a bad thing for Mr. Nixon, and altogether rather agreeable to the public. There are lots of people on the stage; some of Auber's music is given; the costumes are pretty; the scenery is good, and there is very little dialogue, for which latter relief, all thanks. The great effect of the play is described in the bills as follows:

"Miss IDA VERNON, as the *Prince Zamina*, will make "an ascension on a real horse from the stage to the sky "borders (not the borders of the sky), a feat of equestrian heroism never before attempted."

This I call running Pre-Raphaelitism into the ground, because if I remember rightly, the horse was not the real thing, but an automation affair, the aerial flights of which were regulated by screwing its tail. However, they do it. The horse is a real horse, as I know. And Miss VERNON does go up to the borders, and afterwards appears in an illuminated cloud scene, with revolving stars over her head. If I were Miss VERNON or the horse, I should object to the operation, but that is their affair, not mine. The lady can claim, without fear of contradiction, that she has experienced the most sudden professional rise in the records of the stage.

The Opera war goes on right merrily.

The indomitable Maximilian has brought out all his forces at the Winter Garden, and the Irving Place Generals are preparing for a grand demonstration.

The leading events of the week are,

At the Winter Garden: Monday, debut of FABBRI in *Ernani*. Wednesday, rentrée of FREZZOLINI in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Thursday, FABBRI Matinée.

At the Academy, Monday, PATTI, in *Lucia*; Wednesday, PATTI, in the *Somnambula*; Thursday, rehearsal of *Il Polnto* for Miss Kellogg.

In *Ernani*, FABBRI was exceedingly good,—I think that very few living artists can excel her in the Verdi operas. In the second act, her veil took fire from the foot-lights, and frightened all the crinolines. STIGELLI was the extinguisher on the occasion, and covered himself all over with glory. I hear that 'Forty's fellers' intend to make him an honorary member of that company, and that he will occasionally "run with the machine."

'Belle Brittan' was happy on Wednesday, when the FREZZOLINI attacked *Lucrezia Borgia* and had the worst of it. I am sorry about FREZ. and B. B. If they could be bought at their real value and sold at their own estimate, the profit to the operator would be far greater than the Chemical Bank dividends, or the return on the money invested in tenement-houses.

It is not my purpose to say anything more than the simple truth about FREZZOLINI. She came here in 1857 without any voice, and has no more now than then. She sings artistically, as far as she goes; but she has no lower or medium notes worth mentioning, and her upper register is very thin. To atone for her short-comings, however, she sings with an air which no succesful prima donna ever assumed—an air which might have answered for the Salle Ventadour, when she was *the* FREZZOLINI—but an air which is now, in all seriousness, utterly absurd.

The story which your blue-blooded contemporary, *El Noticuso*, exploits, is very characteristic of FREZZOLINI. She has been here for some time without an engagement. At Newport, last Summer, she sang two or three times; but it was quite evident from her performance that she could not fulfil the requirements of the public. Therefore she was not engaged. It was represented, however, about six weeks ago, that she had recovered her voice, and the Academy management tendered her an engagement through Mr. Muzio. She accepted the proposition, but when MARETZEK came, threw over the Irving Place people, on the ground that STRAKOSCH, whom she knew in Italy before the time of the great fire, did not pay her the compliment of a visit. The fact about the matter, is that FREZZOLINI is to the opera what 'Belle Brittan' is to literature. It cannot be denied, however, that the old lady did her best. Among other things, she took the applause which was intended for the tenor, who sang very nicely in the terzetto of the second act.

There was, during this performance, an incident which has made a good deal of talk about town, but which has not yet got into the papers. A lady who occupies a very high social position, was sitting in the orchestra stalls, chatting, as is the custom in all opera houses, when the performance is a bore, with a number of friends, when a Teutonic individual, evidently from the Oriental districts, levelled at the lady a coarse remark, equivalent to the Bowery idiomatic expression, 'dry up.' There was some discussion, and no small sensation created when the lady declared that she had been insulted, but as the officers of the house declined to interfere, and as none of the gentlemen in attendance felt inclined to punch the Teuton's head, he was unmolested. The lady, however, gathered her skirts about her, and majestically sailed out of the Theatre.

I give you the facts. I have no opinion on the subject. Perhaps the German was right. FREZZOLINI has so small a voice that one cannot afford to lose a particle of it.

The case is quite the contrary with LA WIMLER, the new contralto. She has a tremendous voice, and knows how to sing, but has no taste to speak of. If she could give FREZ some of her voice, and receive in exchange some of the latter's delicacy and finish, it would be a fine thing to do. At present the contrast is very amusing. FREZZOLINI suggests the Boulevard des Italiens in every movement, while WIMLER is Anglo-Teuton all over.

La Kelloggini had a very large audience for her rehearsal. Everybody was there, including the young ladies of the Hebrew persuasion, who go to sleep in their opera-cloaks in order to be on hand, like our gallant firemen, at any moment. This is prudential, for in the present condition of affairs, no one knows when or where the opera may break out.

La Kelloggini is not, to judge by the rehearsal, so good as they attempted to make her out, but she is still clever. Without being strikingly handsome, she has a good stage face, and her ensemble is what they call interesting. Her manner is a little too school-girlish, and she executes as if she had a piece of bread-and-butter in expectancy if her scales were evenly sung. Her voice is a full high soprano, strong, clear and brilliant, but a little metallic, which is a serious drawback. It makes the singer wearisome. In her manner of singing, the new prima donna reminds me very much of the gun-boats which our mutual uncle is building now-a-days. One of the Theta Delts slung his hammock on board of the *Iroquois*, and I visited the ship. Except a place for a big gun or two, she was all steam-engine. There was a safety-valve under each man's chair at the mess-table, and a patent cut-off in every stateroom. You couldn't stir a step without walking into a boiler or stumbling over a fireman. The ship suggested explosions from her main-truck to her keelson. So with the Kelloggini; she is continually going off like a bunch of fire-crackers. Her staccato has a crack which reminds me of a volley of musketry, and as she sings with the most placid of countenances, the effect is comical. At least it struck me as being very odd, but I do not pretend to speak for the public, or even for myself—from a rehearsal.

The general opinion is that the young lady promises to be exceedingly good. I think the selection for her debut a stupid one, but that is not, I presume, altogether her fault. New York does well to bring out two such singers at PATTI and KELLOGG in the same year, or even in ten years. France and England, with all their conservatories and academies, cannot produce anything like them.

And with this crow for our crinolines, and the further announcement that ANNA MARIA QUITE agrees with me about FREZ, but thinks I am all wrong about KELLOGG, who is, according to the Brightest and Best, perfectly splendid, I make to you my devoirs.

That you may never be asked to play or sing for anybody's benefit, and so enjoy good health for the remainder of your days, is the prayer of

Your Slave,

Personne.

—The difficulty of determining the genuineness of pictures is strikingly shown by the following incident related by Mr. Hogarth, the eminent print-publisher in the Haymarket:

Some years since, I purchased a picture at Christie's, sold as a genuine production by Muller, of an 'Italian Boy;' it was signed and dated. Muller saw the picture several times at my house and never hesitated to acknowledge its being painted by himself. George Fripp, of the Water-Color Society, also saw it and remarked: 'You have got Sphinx's picture (a nickname given to Muller). I saw him paint it.' This picture I sold to one of the trade in Cambridge; and, as Muller's reputation rapidly increased, the picture passed quickly into other hands. One of these persons wrote to Muller, asking if it was his work. 'If it is the same picture Mr. Hogarth had, I painted it.' The picture upon this was again sold, and some time after taken to Muller to verify, which he did; his brother, however, who was present, looked at the canvas and exclaimed: 'Bill, this can't be your picture; don't you remember it had a sketch at the back? This caused a closer examination, and it was found to be a copy. Of course, the picture no longer possessed the value in the eyes of its previous possessors, and it came back to me. In almost the last letter I received from Muller, he alludes to this transaction, and says: "I found out all about the 'Italian Boy.' I painted the picture for Mr. ——, and he had six copies made from it, and yours was one of them."

—The London *Court Circular* states that Disraeli is busily engaged on a new edition of his once popular novel, entitled '*Sybil; or Both Nations.*' It will be enriched with much additional and pungent matter.

[From The New York Herald.]

HUMORS OF THE POLITICAL CARNIVAL.

The quadrennial carnival of the politicians has commenced. The comfortable and well-fed occupants of the public crib, the philosophers and savans who preach the democratic doctrine, and find their account in it, the strikers who do the loud talking, and heavy whiskey drinking, the camp-followers who dance attendance on the strikers, the seedy hanger-on who has clung to the skirts of all parties, always suffering the heart-sickness that comes from hope deferred, the country editor, who has made a desperate charge upon his advertisers and secured a small amount of ready cash for a spree, the intriguante who has sunk so low as to exploit her battered charms for the wheedling of village politicians, the gambler at cards, and the gambler with votes, the solid Southern planter, the keen, restless Western speculator, the sedate old fogies from New England, as important as if they were really of some consequence, the shrewd, subtle, wily and oily wire-pullers from New York, the honest miners from California, and the hardy pioneers from where rolls the Oregon and now bears various sounds such as saw-mills and steamboats make besides its own dashings, the idlers and loungers of the great cities, the foreign tourist curious to witness the real representatives of all the masses in grand conclave—representatives of all these classes are hurrying forward by steamboat or rail, or stage-coach (they have not quite gone out yet), towards the capital of South Carolina, where on next Monday the unterrified democracy come together to arrange the preliminaries of the most exciting political canvass in which the nation has been engaged since the memorable campaign of 1832, when the hero of the Hermitage met and conquered the Bank Philistines and the Nullifiers with the strength of Samson and the dexterity of David rolled into one man.

The gathering together of so unique a body as this Democratic Convention, and the mustering of the Opposition at Chicago—to say nothing of the concern at Baltimore—are among the most curious and interesting events of the day; and to prove that they are so considered by the public, there is almost as much interest in the question of Who is the man for Charleston? as that other and most vital interrogatory, Will the Benecia Boy whip Tom Sayers? It is to be regretted that we have been obliged to omit from our catalogue of the visitors at Charleston the professed shoulder-hitter. This valuable member of the governing classes has been called away to represent his country near to the Court of Saint James, but closer to that of Saint Giles. His absence will be especially distressing to our Southern brethren, who, although they professed to look upon the fighter with scorn and contempt, still love him with a deep and abiding affection. He finds his solid rewards, however, chiefly at the North, and has lately commenced to embrace Greeley and fraternize with Seward. It is good to know that he will be back quite in time for Chicago. . . . . .

The Charleston Convention will be the most important of the two, while the Chicago assemblage will attract the greatest crowd. The amount of money spent or thrown away at these Conventions is very large. The keeper of one hotel in Cincinnati cleared forty thousand dollars by the Democratic Convention of 1856, and that caravansary did not monopolize the business. Probably not less than one hundred thousand dollars will be spent in Charleston by delegates and visitors for personal charges, and exclusive of wagers, which will be numerous and heavy. In Cincinnati the wine and bar bills of gentlemen who had the special care of the interests of individual candidates were frightful—amounting in some cases to eight hundred and a thousand dollars. At all these conventions King Whiskey has a great deal of influence over King Caucus. All day and all night the public rooms of the hotels are crowded with eager, anxious, earnest-looking men, now reading their correspondence, now receiving or sending telegraphic despatches, now button-holing or being button-holed, now talking loudly and gesticulating violently, now whispering in a corner, now doing the evangelical to some puritanical philosopher in a white cravat, now drinking at the bar with a border-ruffian—all red shirt and revolver—or chatting familiarly with a pugilist, or doing the agreeable to a crinoline politician, and so it goes on day after day, all hurry, bustle, and excitement outside, all quiet wire-pulling within, until the schemes of the leaders have reached the point of fruition; then the child is born; then everybody throws up his hat, shouting hosanna; then the disappointed ones smile sweetly without, but swear wickedly within; then losers pay with a grace, and winners take with a chuckle; then the hotel-keepers rub their hands as the money for their unconscionably-long bills rolls in; then the gamblers and other social evils rejoice over their ill-gotten gains; then the country editors and small politicians suddenly find themselves in a financial crisis, out of which the strikers for the successful candidate are expected to help them, otherwise he will be accused of parricide in the next number of the only free and independent press in this country, etc., etc. Then, in fact, the comedy is played out, the actors wash the paint from their faces, the servants put out the last candle, the quadrennial carnival is over, and the serious work of the campaign begins. That this consummation may be speedily arrived at, let us all earnestly pray. Meanwhile, between the fight and the conventions, quiet people in the metropolis enjoy temporary immunity from certain chronic bores and terrible nuisances. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

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THE SILK-WORM.

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MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER.

MILTON.

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HOW A FRENCH KING ONCE OVERTHREW THE PAPACY.

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MARY REYNOLDS. A CASE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS. By Rev. Wm. S. Plumer, D.D.

AFTER THE FUNERAL. By R. H. Stoddard.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER. By W. M. Thackeray.

CHAPTER IV. A Black Sheep.

ILLUSTRATION.—A Black Sheep.—"Where the Sugar goes."

Bessy's Reflections.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S LAST SKETCH.

OUR CEMETERIES.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MASTER CHARLEY'S PRIZE-FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Training.—Practising.—Dieting.—Study.—Weighing.—In the Ring.—Interference of the Authorities.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—PATTI MATINEE.

To-day, SATURDAY, April 21, at 1 o'clock, last

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but one, when will be given Rossini's favorite opera of

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BRIGNOLI, FERRI, AMODIO, SUSINI.

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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

myriad fancies of this slut. When I wish to stay at home, she wishes to go out. When I wish to go out, she wishes me to stay at home. She would scold at you for reasons, sensations, syllogisms, calumnies, words enough to make you crazy! What is right is their fancy. What is wrong is ours! Overwhelm them by a word that cuts short their reasoning, they are silent and look at you as though you were a dead dog. My happiness! It is an absolute slavery, a dog-like vassalage of a mean servant. She sells too dear the little that she gives me. Devil take it! I will leave her all, and go live in a garret! Oh, for a garret and liberty! For five years now, I have not dared to do as I wanted!' Instead of going to tell his friends, Cursay remained on the Boulevard, walking the pavement between Richelieu and Mont Blanc streets, giving himself up to the most furious imprecations and the most comic exaggerations. In the street he was a prey to a paroxysm of anger which contrasted strangely with his calmness in the house. His walk served to consume his anger, and calm the excitement of his nerves. About two, in one of his exclamations, he cried, 'These cursed women don't know what they wish. I will bet my head that if I go home again to say that I have told my friends, and that we will dine at the Rocher de Cancale, this arrangement, which she desired herself, will not please her. Perhaps she will have gone out. Perhaps she has some assignation! But no, she loves me devotedly!'

"'Ah, Madame,' said Nathan, looking sideways at the Marchioness, who could not help smiling, 'only women and prophets know how to make use of faith.'

"'Du Bruel,' he resumed, 'carried me back home with him. It was three o'clock. Before going up stairs, he saw they were at work in the kitchen; he went in, saw the preparations, and looked at me as he questioned the cook. 'Madame ordered dinner,' she answered. 'Madame is dressed, she sent for a carriage, then she changed her mind, she sent the carriage away, and told it to come again this evening.'

"'Well,' said Du Bruel, 'what did I tell you?' we went quietly up stairs, and entered the parlor. No one there. From one room to another until we came to a boudoir where we found Tullia weeping. She wiped her eyes, without affectation, and said to Du Bruel, 'Send to the Rocher de Cancale a message for your guests to come and dine here.'

"She was dressed in a toilette such as a woman of the theatre does not know how to compose; elegant and harmonious in color and arrangement; simple, chosen with good taste: neither too expensive nor too cheap; nothing glaring, nothing exaggerated, a word effaced by the word artistic, which fools are accustomed to satisfy themselves with. She was entirely comme il faut. At thirty-seven Tullia was at the period of a French woman's greatest beauty. The celebrated oval of her face, was at that moment divinely pale; she had taken off her hat: I saw the delicate down, the bloom of fruits, softening the full outlines of her cheeks, already so fine. Her face, with her hair arranged in puffs, had a sad grace in it. Her brilliant gray eyes seemed drowned in her tears. Her nose, worthy of the finest roman cameo, with its sensitive nostrils, her mouth still childish, her long neck, its veins swelling, her chin reddened, for the moment with some secret despair, her ears touched with red, her hands trembling under her gloves, all showed signs of some violent emotion. Her eyelids trembling with a feverish movement, betrayed her grief. She was sublime. Her words silenced Du Bruel. She looked at us with that cat-like look, penetrating but impenetrable, which belongs only to women of high society, and women of the theatre, and then extending her hand to Du Bruel, said, 'My poor friend, since you went I have reproached myself a thousand times. I accused myself of frightful ingratitude, and thought how very wicked I was. Was I not very wicked?' she asked me. 'Why not receive his friends? Are you not in your own house? Do you wish to know the reason for it all? Well, I was afraid of not being loved. Then I was hesitating between repentance and shame of confessing, when as I read the papers, and saw there was a first representation at the Varieties, I thought that you wished to entertain a fellow author. Alone I would have been weak; I dressed myself to go after you, poor fellow.'

"Du Bruel looked at me with a victorious air; he remembered not a word of his orations contra Tullia. 'Well, my dear angel, I did not go to see any one,' he answered.

"'How well we understand each other,' she cried.

"At the very moment when she said this charming sentence, I saw in her belt a little note, but I did not need this guide in order to understand that there was a secret reason for Tullia's fancies. In my opinion, women, next to children, are the most logical of creatures. Both offer the sublime phenomenon of a constant triumph of some single thought. In a child, the thought changes at every moment, but he acts only under the impulse of that thought, and follows it with such ardor, that everybody yields to him, fascinated by the ingenuousness and persistence of the desire. A woman changes less often; but to call her fanciful is an insult of ignorance. In acting she is always under the direction of some passion, and it is wonderful to see how she makes this passion the centre of nature and society. Tullia was pleasant, she pleased Du Bruel, the day became again clear, and the evening was magnificent. This witty farce-writer did not see the grief buried in his wife's heart. 'My dear,' said he to me, 'this is life: oppositions and contrasts.'

"'Particularly when they are not pretended,' I replied.

"'Ah! I understand that,' he resumed. 'But without these violent emotions, we would die of weariness. Ah! that woman has the gift of moving me.'

"After dinner we went to the Varieties; but before starting, I slipped into Du Bruel's room, and took from the floor among the waste paper the number of the document required by the law, and containing the notification of the contract for the house bought by Du Bruel. In reading these words, which seemed to glow before my eyes, 'At the demand of Jean Francois Du Bruel, and Claudine Chaffaroux, his wife,' all was explained to me. I took Claudine's arm, and allowed all the others to go down before us. When we were alone, 'If I was the Count Palferine,' I said to her, 'I would never miss an appointment.' She gravely placed her finger upon her lips, and as we went down she pressed my arm, looking at me with a sort of pleasure, thinking that I knew Palferine. Do you know what her first idea was? She wished to make me her spy; but I gave her only the badinage of Bohemia.

"A month afterwards, as we came from the first representation of a piece by Du Bruel, it was raining. We were together. I went to get a carriage. We had waited a few moments in the theatre, and there were no longer any carriages before the door. Claudine scolded Du Bruel sharply, and as we rode away, for she carried me to Florine's, she continued the quarrel, saying to him the most mortifying things. 'Why, what is the matter?' I asked.

"'My dear, she reproaches me for having let you run after a carriage, and starting from that wants one of her own.'

"'I never, while I was first dancer, made use of my feet except upon the stage,' she said. 'If you had any heart, you would invent four pieces more every year, you would feel that they would succeed in thinking of the destination of what they should bring in, and your wife would not go in the mud. It is a shame that I am obliged to ask it. You should have seen my constant sufferings during the five years I have been married.'

"'I wish enough to do it,' said Du Bruel, 'but we will ruin ourselves.'

"'If you run in debt the inheritance of my uncle's property will pay them.'

"'You are capable of leaving me with the debts, and keeping for yourself your uncle's property.'

"'Ah you think that of me. I shall say nothing more. Such a speech shuts my mouth.'

"Then Du Bruel commenced making excuses and protestations of love, but she answered not a word! He took her hand, she allowed him to do so, it seemed frozen, or like the hand of a corpse. Tullia, you understand, could play admirably this character of corpse, which women play in order to prove to you that they refuse you their consent to everything, that they for you suppress their souls, their spirits, their life, and consider themselves dumb beasts. There is nothing that moves a soft-hearted person more than such conduct. Yet women should employ such means only with those who adore them.

"'Do you believe,' she said to me with an air of the greatest contempt, 'that a Count would have offered me such an insult, even if he had thought it? For my misfortune, I have lived with Dukes, with Ambassadors, with great Lords, and I know their manners. How such things make vulgarity insupportable! After all a farce writer is neither a Rastignac, nor a Rothesay.'

"Du Bruel was livid.

"Two days after Du Bruel and I met in the hall of the opera, we took one or two turns together, and the conversation turned upon Tullia. 'Do not consider my follies upon the Boulevard, as anything serious, I was violent.' During two Winters I was quite often at Du Bruel's house, and I watched attentively Claudine's actions. She had a brilliant equipage, and Du Bruel went into politics; she made him abjure his royalistic opinions. He gained ground, was replaced in the administration of which he had been a part; she made him canvass for the votes of the National Guard, he was elected chief of the battalion; he showed himself so valiant in a skirmish that he gained the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor, he was appointed Master of the Rolls and Chief of the Division.

"The uncle Chaffaroux died, leaving an income of forty thousand pounds to his niece, about three quarters of his fortune. Du Bruel was nominated as a deputy, but beforehand, in order not to be subjected to a reelection, he got himself appointed Counsellor of State and Director. He reprinted treatises on archæology, books of statistics, and two political pamphlets, which were the pretext of his nomination to one of the complaisant academies of the Institute. At this moment he is commander of the Legion, and had so much to do with the intrigues of the Chamber, that he has come to be made a peer of France and Count. Our friend does not as yet dare to bear the title. His wife only puts upon her cards, the Countess Du Bruel. The old farce-writing is of the Order of Leopold, the Order of Isabelle, the Cross of Saint Valdimir, the second class, the Civil Order of Merit in Bavaria, the Papal Order of the Golden Spurs, in a word, he wears all the small crosses, except his great one. Three months ago, Claudine came to Palferine's door in her brilliant armorial equipage. Du Bruel is grandson of a farmer of the revenue, who was ennobled at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign. His arms were composed by Chirni, and a Count's crown is not out of place with this coat, which has none of the imperial absurdities. Thus Claudine has executed, in the space of three years, the conditions of the programme which were imposed upon her by the charming and joyous Palferine.

"One day, only a month ago, she ascended the stairs of the wretched house in which her lover lived, and climbed in all her glory, dressed like a genuine Countess of the Faubourg Saint Germain, to the garret of our friend. Palferine saw Claudine, and said, 'I know that you have had yourself created a peer. But it is too late, Claudine. All the world speaks to me of the Southern Cross. I wish to see it.' 'I will have it for you,' she said. At this, Palferine burst into a Homeric laugh. 'Most decidedly,' said he, 'I do not want as mistress a woman as ignorant as a pike-staff, and who makes such leaps that she jumps from behind the scenes of the Opera to the Court, for I wish to see you at the civil court.'

"'What is the Southern Cross?' she asked me, in a sad and humiliated voice. Seized with admiration for this intrepidity of true love, which in real life, as in the ingenious stories of fairy-land, leaps from precipices in order to find the singing flower, or the roc's egg, I explained to her that the Southern Cross was a nebulous mass, disposed in the shape of a cross, more brilliant than the Milky-Way, and which was only seen in the Southern seas. 'Ah, well,' she said, 'let us go there, Charles.' Despite the ferocity of his character, tears came into Palferine's eyes; but what a look, and what an accent Claudine had! I have never known anything, in the most extraordinary efforts of great actors, comparable to the movement by which, seeing those eyes, so harsh for her, wet with tears, Claudine fell upon her knees and kissed the hand of the pitiless Palferine. He raised her up, and assuming his grand air, what he calls his Rusticoli air, said, 'Never mind, my child, I will do something for you. I will put you in my will.'

"Well," said Nathan to Madame de Rochefide, as he ended, "I ask if Du Bruel is deceived. Certainly there is nothing more comic, or more strange, than to see the fancies of a careless young man, making the regulations of a household, and of a family, his slightest caprices commanding them, and overthrowing the gravest resolutions. The matter of the dinner, is, you understand, renewed in a thousand ways, and even in important matters! But without the caprices of his wife, Du Bruel would still be De Cursy, a farce-writer among five hundred farce-writers, whereas now he is in the Chamber of Nobles."

"You will change the names, I hope," said Nathan to Madame de la Baudrage.

"I think so. To you only I have not concealed the names, my dear Nathan," she said in the poet's ear. "I know another household where the wife is a Du Bruel."

"And the end?" asked Lousteau, who reentered just as Madame de la Baudrage finished the reading of her story.

"I do not believe in ends," said Madame de la Baudrage, "we must make some good ones in order to show that art is as great as chance; but, my dear, a work is never read a second time for anything else than the details."

"But there is an end," said Nathan.

"What is it?" asked Madame de la Baudrage.

"The Marchioness de Rochefide is in love with Charles Edward. My story aroused her curiosity."

"Oh, how unfortunate she is," cried Madame de la Baudrage.

"Not so very unfortunate," said Nathan, "for Maxime de Trailles and Palferine have made the Marquis quarrel with Madame Schontz, and are going to reunite Arthur and Beatrix." (See Beatrix, Scenes of Domestic Life.)

1839-1845.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

AN ACT concerning the rights and liabilities of Husband and Wife. Passed March 20th, 1860.

The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The property, both real and personal, which any woman now owns as her sole and separate property, that which comes to her by descent, devise, bequest, gift, or grant, that which she acquires by her trade, business, labor or services, carried on or performed on her sole and separate account, that which a woman married in this State owns at the time of her marriage, and the rents, issues, and proceeds, of all such property, shall, notwithstanding her marriage, be and remain her sole and separate property, and may be used, collected, and invested by her in her own name, and shall not be subject to the interference or control of her husband, liable for his debts as may have been contracted for the support of herself or her children, by her as his agent.

Sec. 2. A married woman may bargain, sell, assign, and transfer her separate personal property, and carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, and the earnings of any married woman from her trade, business, labor or services, shall be her sole and separate property and may be used and invested by her in her own name.

Sec. 3. Any married woman possessed of real estate as her separate property, may bargain, sell, and convey such property, and enter into any contract in reference to the same, but no such conveyance or contract shall be valid without the assent, in writing, of her husband, except as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 4. In case any married woman possessed of separate real property, as aforesaid, may desire to sell or convey the same, or to make any contract in relation thereto, and shall be unable to procure the assent of her husband, as in the preceding section provided, in consequence of his refusal, absence, insanity, or other disability, such married woman may apply to the county court in the county where she shall at the time reside, for leave to make sale, conveyance or contract, without the assent of her husband.

Sec. 5. Such application may be made by petition, verified by her, and setting forth the grounds of such application. If the husband be a resident of the county, and not under disability from insanity or other cause, a copy of said petition shall be served upon him, with a notice of the time when the same will be presented to the said court, at least ten days before such application. In all other cases, the county court to which such application shall be made, shall, in its discretion, determine whether any notice shall be given, and, if any, the mode and manner of giving it.

Sec. 6. If it shall satisfactory appear to such court, upon such application, that the husband of such applicant has wilfully abandoned his wife, and lives separate and apart from her, or that he is insane, or imprisoned as a convict in any State Prison, or that he is an habitual drunkard, or that he is in any way disabled from making a contract, or that he refuses to give his consent without good cause therefore, then such court shall cause an order to be entered upon its records, authorizing such married woman to sell and convey her real estate, or contract in regard thereto, without the assent of her husband, with the same effect as though such conveyance or contract had been made with his assent.

Sec. 7. Any married woman may, while married, sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her property, which may be her sole and separate property, or which may hereafter come to her by descent, devise, bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, in the same manner as if she were sole. Any married woman may bring and maintain an action in her own name, for damages against any person or body corporate for any injury to her person or character, the same as if she were sole; and the money received upon the settlement of any such action, or recovered upon a judgment, shall be her sole and separate property.

Sec. 8. No bargain or contract made by any married woman in respect to her sole and separate property, or any property which may hereafter come to her by descent, devise, bequest or gift of any person except her husband, and no bargain or contract entered into by any married woman in or about the carrying on of any trade or business, under the statutes of this State, shall be binding upon her husband, or render him or his property any way liable therefor.

Sec. 9. Every married woman is hereby constituted and declared to be the joint-guardian of her children, with her husband, with equal powers, rights and duties in regard to them, with her husband.

Sec. 10. At the decease of husband or wife, leaving no minor child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess, and enjoy a life-estate in one-third of all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized.

Sec. 11. At the decease of the husband or wife intestate, leaving child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess, or enjoy all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized, and all the rents, issues, and profits thereof, during the minority of the youngest child, and one-third thereof during his or her natural life.

A PARSON OF THE OLDEN TIME.

When I was young, and fond of noise,
And wore my first gray homespun jacket,
And fought stout battles with the boys,
And filled my father's house with racket,
Our well-beloved pastor died,
And left behind him scores of weepers—
Stout-pillars of the church, long tried,
As well as lesser props—and sleepers.

He was a patriarch, wise and gray,
One of the old-time Christian scholars,
Who cheered affliction's weary way,
And gave the oppressed advice—and dollars.
The matrons' love for him, at last,
Sublimed almost to veneration,
For he'd baptized one-half the past,
And all the present generation.

Outside the church, the good man held
A comprehensive supervision,
And village quidnuncs were compelled
To bow before his calm decision.
Though party strife might rage and swell,
Or skeptics raise some knotty question,
There came no storm he could not quell,
No doubt too grave for his digestion.

I do remember well the scene,
When, all the congregation seated,
He closed the book with reverent mien,
And twice the pregnant text repeated,
And then, as influenced from above,
His heart with holy themes expanding,
Appealed to Faith and Christian Love,
As well as human understanding.

His looks, his tones, his earnest ways,
Form one of memory's pleasing pictures,
As he in strong but homely phrase,
Imparted hope or uttered strictures.
The velvet cap he always wore
Where'er he thumped the pulpit cushion,
Loomed like a beacon from the shore,
To warn us sinners from perdition.

The best of men a cross must bear—
So Providence or Fate contrive it;
Of private griefs he had his share,
And some that were not quite so private.
He might conceal the smouldering fire
Of mental or domestic trial,
But troubles with the wrangling choir
Were patent as their own bass-viol.

Of course there was among his charge
One busy, meddling, ancient maiden,
Who, like a fire-ship, roamed at large,
With furtive stores of scandal laden
She scattered brands of discord free,
She slandered and annoyed the parson,
Till all agreed she ought to be
Indicted for constructive arson.

On Wednesday nights he always made
To us a quiet pastoral visit;
So, when the bell his touch betrayed,
My mother never asked, "Who is it?"
But wheeling out the easy-chair,
With its inviting arms of leather,
She laid his pipe, with thoughtful care,
And steel tobacco-box together.

Those genial times were mellow ripe,
When folks were not inclined to bicker,
If ministers enjoyed a pipe
And sipped a social glass of liquor;
So while his cheerful features glowed,
And smoke-wreaths circled to the ceiling,
His talk in streams of wisdom flowed,
Like waters from a fount of healing.

We loved the man, revered him too—
As who did not that ever knew him?—
His piety and kindness drew,
With cords of love, all classes to him.
His praise by men need not be lipped
To make our sorrowing hearts best faster,
For memory holds a secret crypt
Wherein is shrined our saluted pastor.

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This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book-List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued, an admirable chess-column; the best original and selected tales and sketches, spicy and interesting correspondence, a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence, a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

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We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

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From the Philadelphia Bulletin

The raciest and most independent of all the weeklies.

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It is one of the live weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary journals make copious extracts from it.

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A paper which seems to sparkle with new brightness at each appearance.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

No. 9 Spruce street, New York.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S

Fund Insurance Company

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,

METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING

ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar institutions.

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HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.

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Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.

HAS A

CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,

WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

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Fire Insurance Company,

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange,	11 COURT,
NEW YORK.	Cor. of Remsen street,
	BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.

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CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President

GEORGE ALDER, ROBERT C. REA, } Surveyors.

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Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,

(INCORPORATED, 1831.)

Office No. 68 Wall Street.

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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

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Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Ilsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
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Richard Tighe,	L. S. Soares,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
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THE HARMONY

Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to

50 Wall Street,

Continue the business of insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

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R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

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Fire Insurance Company,

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This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

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GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*

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The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:

19 NASSAU STREET, AND

BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,

Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

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Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

35 per cent to all members since		1853.
38 " " "		1848.
39 " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1859,		$1,395,672 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	85,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,672 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,

Agent and Attorney for the Company.

INSURANCE.

THE

Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,

108 BROADWAY,

CORNER PINE STREET

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the assured.

DIRECTORS

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Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Fred. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l D. Babcock, Jr.
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Daniel Parish,	Gilbert L. Beekman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Henderson,
Gustavus A. Conover,	Lowndes Freeman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson S. Case.

CHARLES F. APPLEBY.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,

No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..... $200,000

WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured, JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at reasonable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President

WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary

D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM PUNK, Surveyor.

New York, July 1st, 1859.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,

CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET

CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Per ct.
First Annual Dividend, to Policy Holders, declared July	9, '57,	50
Second " " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " " "	July 14, '59,	30

SECOND:—The security given,